of the case." Such a noble offer was, of course, readily accepted, and Mr. Kelsall at once gave directions for the commencement of the work which has just been so auspiciously completed. No cost has been spared in adapting the edifice to the purposes for which it is required. It is built in the same style as the chapel, and consists of a large-sized room for the ragged-school children who are so generously cared for by Mrs. Kemp; two class-rooms; two capital cellar-kitchens, fitted with every convenience, and a hoist connecting them with the rooms above; a large school-room, capable of holding 300 or 600 people; and a chapel-keeper's house. The whole of the outlay has been between £1,100 and £1,200. The inaugural services were held on Sunday and Tuesday, January 15th and 17th. On the Sunday, two sermons were preached by the Rev. Alexander Pitt, pastor of the church. In the afternoon of the same day, Henry Kelsall, Esq., gave a highly practical and interesting address. On the following Tuesday, a public tea was held in the large school-room, the trays being gratuitously provided by the ladies of the congregation. An interesting meeting was held afterwards, over which G. T. Kemp, Esq., presided, and which he opened with kind and very appropriate remarks. An address expressive of gratitude and esteem was presented to Mr. Kelsall, who was present, and who suitably responded. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. S. Sugden, E. C. Pike, B.A., A. Pitt, and other ministers and gentlemen.

Downham Market, Norfolk.—Mr. R. Lennie, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, having supplied the pulpit here for three months, and having accepted the unanimous invitation of the church to become the pastor, recognition services were held in connexion with his settlement, on Lord's day, 12th, and Monday, 13th of February. On the Lord's day, the Rev. T. Nees, assistant pastor to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, preached two appropriate sermons; in the morning, from Isaiah xli. 14, and in the evening from Isaiah xliv. 22. The service on the Monday commenced at three p.m. The Rev. M. Noble, of Necton, having conducted the preliminary part of the service, the Rev. J. T. Wigner, of Lynn, preached a powerful sermon from Eph. v. 24—"The church is subject unto Christ." At five o'clock, the members of the church and other friends, to the number of about one hundred and seventy, took tea in the Temperance Hall, which was decorated for the occasion; after which they retired to the chapel, where an interesting meeting was held. The Rev. J. T. Wigner took the chair. The meeting having been opened by singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, the chairman gave some earnest words of counsel to pastor and people, and concluded by welcoming Mr. Lennie to Norfolk in the name of the ministers of the denomination. The Rev. T. Nees then addressed the meeting, and the chairman having to leave on account of another engagement, the newly-recognized pastor presided over the meeting during the remainder of the evening. The Rev. M. Noble spoke on "The duty of the pastor;" the Rev. E. S. Neale, of Waterbeach, on "The duty of the people;" and the Rev. Mr. Ritchie (Wesleyan), gave a short speech cordially welcoming Mr. Lennie to the town. In drawing the meeting to a close, the pastor gave an account of the Lord's dealings with him, of how he had been led to devote himself to the work of the ministry, and how he had been induced to settle in Downham, concluding by earnestly soliciting the sympathy, co-operation, and prayers of his people. The church and congregation confidently hope that, by the blessing of God on the ministry of the word, better days are about to dawn upon them.

Shipley, Yorkshire.—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid in this place in the afternoon of January 21, by Thomas Aked, Esq., in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The present chapel and school-room, the third on the same site, have been erected about twenty-eight years. The new chapel is to accommodate upwards of a thousand persons, to have a school-room for five hundred scholars, and, in addition, a large select class-room, four other class-rooms, an infant class-room, three vestries, and a house for the chapel-keeper. The estimated cost of the whole is upwards of £5,000. The proceedings connected with laying the foundation-stone commenced by singing a hymn composed for the occasion; after which the Rev. H. M. Stallybrass, the minister of the Independent church at Saltaire, offered prayer. Suitable portions of Scripture were then read by the Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Sheffield. The Rev. R. Green, the pastor of the church, placed underneath the stone a sealed bottle, containing a copy of the last issue of *The Freeman*, also a document stating the circumstances which led to the building of the new chapel. Mr. John Hall then presented to Thomas Aked, Esq., a very handsome silver trowel, requesting him therewith to lay the foundation-stone; to which Mr. Aked replied, and afterwards commenced and completed his interesting task. A history of the Baptist cause in Shipley was read

ably given by the Rev. H. Dowson, of Bradford. The venerable Dr. Godwin offered the dedicatory prayer. The Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, delivered a most powerful and eloquent dedicatory address. At five o'clock, about 700 persons took tea in the school-room of the present chapel; after which a crowded meeting was held under the presidency of the pastor, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Pottenger; H. J. Betts, of Bradford; S. G. Green, B.A., president of Rawdon College; J. P. Campbell, of Sheffield; John Cooke, Esq., and W. S. Glyde, Esq.

Salter's Hall Chapel, Islington.—On Tuesday, January 31st, a tea and public meeting was held to celebrate the completion of this commodious chapel. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large number of friends assembled to congratulate the church and its pastor on the termination of their labours, the result of which is the attainment of one of the largest and best chapels in the metropolis. The chair was taken by Samuel Morley, Esq. A report of the circumstances connected with the removal of the cause from the City to Islington was read by Mr. W. Noble, one of the deacons; and the Rev. Jesse Hobson, the pastor, added, that during the progress of the works, by the wise arrangement of the architect and builders, the services had not been interrupted. The Revs. A. Raleigh, of Hare Court Chapel, J. H. Hinton, M.A., Andrew Fuller, Clement Bailhache, J. S. Stanion, A. McAuslane, Reuben May, and Thomas Brain and J. Vanner, Esqs., took part in the services of the evening. This chapel was originally purchased for £3,750, and the outlay for various improvements, alterations, the formation of a baptistry, and other expenses, it is estimated will reach £4,950. Towards this, the sale of the old chapel has produced £4,000; about £450 has been collected, including donations of £50 each from Sir M. Peto, Bart., Samuel Morley, Esq., and the Rev. J. Hobson; £25 from Thomas Brain, Esq., and several liberal contributions from the members of the church and congregation.

New Cross, London.—Very interesting meetings were held at New Cross Union Chapel, on Tuesday, January 24th, in connexion with the recent settlement of the Rev. Thos. J. Malyon, of Regent's Park College, as pastor. The service in the afternoon commenced at three o'clock, when the Rev. Henry Baker, of Lewisham (Independent), read and prayed. Stephen Green, Esq., a member of the church, then proceeded to give a report of the past history of the church, and enumerated the circumstances which induced them to invite the Rev. T. J. Malyon to the pastorate. The usual questions were then asked by the Rev. G. Martin, of Lewisham High-road (Independent), when the Rev. Dr. Angus, president of Regent's Park College, gave the charge. He was succeeded by the Rev. G. Martin, who delivered a very powerful and eloquent address to the church from John iii. 29. The meeting then closed with singing and prayer. In the evening, a tea and public meeting was held in connexion with the above, which was exceedingly well attended. The pastor having been called to the chair, the meeting was addressed in turn by the Revs. Thos. J. Cole, of Peckham (Baptist); T. Bristow, late of Dartford (Baptist); J. R. Walker, of Walworth (Independent); and S. Green, Esq. After a few remarks by the chairman, the meeting, which was altogether a highly satisfactory one, terminated by singing and prayer.

Charles Street, Leicester.—The anniversary services of this place of worship were held on Lord's day, January 29th. Owing to severe domestic affliction, the Rev. Enoch Mellor, M.A., of Liverpool, was unable to fill his engagement by preaching on the occasion, but his place was ably supplied by the Rev. Johnson Barker, LL.B., who preached in the morning, and by the Rev. J. A. Picton in the evening. The collections amounted to £29. A public tea-meeting was held on the following Monday evening, at which there were present the Revs. R. W. McAll, W. Ford, J. C. Smith, and J. Myers, and Messrs. R. Harris, G. Viccars, J. Bennett, J. Harrap, S. Mather, and others. The proceeds of the tea-meeting amounted to £30. The treasurer (R. Harris, Esq.) read the statement of accounts for the past year. The chairman (the Rev. T. Lomas) then read the list of subscriptions for the year, and announced that only £27 were required to clear off entirely the debt of £1,600 incurred in the enlargement of the chapel in the year 1861. An interval was allowed for the friends present to send in additional contributions. These were freely and numerously given, and in about the space of ten minutes the chairman announced the entire liquidation of the amount, with a balance in hand of upwards of £5. The announcement of the extinction of the debt was received by the audience with every mark of satisfaction.

Milford.—A very interesting meeting was held at Short Lane Baptist Chapel, Milford, on Tuesday, January 31st, to

set apart the Rev. D. George, of Pontypool College, to the work of the ministry. The morning service commenced at half-past ten, when the Rev. E. Edwards, of Nayland, read and prayed. The Rev. T. Burditt, M.A., classical tutor of Haverfordwest College, delivered an address on the nature of a Christian church. The usual questions were then asked by the Rev. Dr. Davies, Aberavon, which were very appropriately answered; after which Dr. Davies offered prayer for the success of the young minister and for the prosperity of the church. The Rev. Dr. Davies, president of Haverfordwest College (in the unavoidable absence of Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool), gave an edifying and impressive charge to the minister from 1 Tim. iv. 16. He was followed by Dr. Davies, Aberavon, who delivered a powerful address to the church from Exodus xvii. 12. In the evening, a large tea-meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, over which Dr. Davies, of Haverfordwest, presided. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. J. George, Llanthewy, Monmouthshire; J. H. Walker, Sandyhaven; D. Davies, Pembroke; W. B. Bliss, M.A., Pembroke-dock; W. Owen, Middle Mill; T. Burditt, M.A., Haverfordwest; and Dr. Davies, Aberavon.

COLNEY HATCH.—The opening services of the first Nonconformist place of worship erected in this suburban village commenced in the afternoon of Thursday, January 19th, when an excellent sermon was preached to a numerous congregation by the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, from Philippians iii. 3. There was a tea-meeting at five o'clock, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Alderman Abbiss. A report was read, giving some account of the rise and progress of this infant cause, from which it appeared that the committee had received rather more than £600, had borrowed, on mortgage, £500, and had also the promise of a loan of £200 from the Baptist Building Fund. To repay the mortgage and remaining debts, £900 are still required. Most of the neighbouring ministers attended and took part in the proceedings, and the friends responded to the appeals made by contributing most liberally about £135, including £20 in promises. A church was formed here in October, 1863, and now numbers sixteen members, the constitution being open communion and membership, but baptism to be administered to believers only. The prospects are very encouraging, and the church and congregation are anxious to secure the services of a pious, earnest minister of the Baptist denomination.

FISHERGATE, PRESTON.—The annual congregational tea-meeting in connexion with this chapel, was held in the school-room on Thursday evening, January 26th, at which there was a numerous attendance. Mr. Hamilton, the senior deacon, presided. From a report read by one of the secretaries, it appears that during the past year a considerable effort has been made by the church and congregation for the reduction of their chapel debt, and, notwithstanding the very depressed state of the staple trade of the town, it is gratifying to know that those efforts have been the means of reducing the amount of the debt by £1,000. This, added to the subscriptions previously given, shows that over £4,000 has been contributed by those connected with the chapel towards its erection, and at the same time proves that very little has been obtained from friends outside. It is, however, intended to make an appeal forthwith to the Christian public generally, in order that the remaining £1,000 of the debt may be cleared off. The spiritual interests of the church are also in a hopeful condition.

CLARENCE STREET, PENZANCE.—On Friday evening, January 27th, a large tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Penzance, on the occasion of the inauguration of a new organ just erected in that place. Nearly 400 persons took tea. After tea, there was a musical rehearsal, when Mr. J. H. Nunn, A.R.A., organist of St. Mary's Church, presided at the organ, and performed a choice selection of music in his wonted brilliant and effective style. After an introductory voluntary, the choir, numbering about twenty, skilfully accompanied on the organ, sang various anthems and choruses. During the evening, an essay was read by the Rev. J. Wilshire, in which the essentials of good congregational psalmody were defined, and some of the glaring faults of ordinary singing, past and present, commented on. The total cost of the organ, erection, &c., is £165. Subscriptions, paid and promised, amounted to £134. Proceeds of the tea, £18. The balance remaining was cheerfully met on the following Sunday after two sermons by the pastor.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Services in commemoration of the opening of new school-rooms connected with the Baptist chapel in East-street, Southampton, were held on Sunday and Tuesday, the 15th and 17th of January. On the Sunday, two sermons were preached by the Rev. P. Bailhache, of Hammersmith, from 2 Peter i. 16. On the Tuesday, there was a public tea and bazaar in the rooms, which were numerously attended. A public meeting was

afterwards held in the chapel, at which William Heston, Esq., of London, presided; supported by the Revs. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester; T. Morris, of Whitchurch; T. Adkins, J. G. Wright, G. Gregg, H. H. Carlisle, J. Collins, C. Williams, J. Sargent, and the pastor of the congregation, the Rev. R. Caven. The new school building is two stories high, containing spacious and lofty rooms, able to accommodate more than 400 persons. The entire outlay, including the cost of the land, is estimated at about £850, towards which £650 has been raised.

GEORGE STREET, PLYMOUTH. — On Thursday, January 26th, a new and very admirable building, intended for Sunday and day schools in connexion with the congregation at George-street, Plymouth, and erected at a cost of £3,500, was opened. In the morning, a sermon was preached in the chapel by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., from Rev. vii. 9. After the sermon, a number of friends assembled for dinner, under the presidency of Peter Adams, Esq.; and in the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of the Rev. T. C. Page, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Webb, of Tiverton; E. Edwards, of Chard; C. B. Symes; A. Booker, Esq.; and Mr. J. N. Bonnett. During the proceedings, the gratifying announcement was made that the whole amount required for the building had been raised, and that the place was consequently free from debt. It was stated that a considerable sum had also been raised towards the establishment of the day schools.

CHARLOTTE CHAPEL, EDINBURGH.—The above chapel, after having been closed several months for repairs and various alterations, was re-opened for divine worship on the 1st of January, when sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. J. E. Dovey, the pastor of the church; in the afternoon by the Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D.; and in the evening by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D. On the ensuing Sabbath, the Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., in the afternoon. On Tuesday evening, January 3rd, a social meeting was held in the chapel, at which about 500 were present. The pastor presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Jonathan Watson, W. Tulloch, F. Johnstone, Professor Simpson, Major Smith, Hugh Rose, Esq., with other friends. This place of worship now presents a most inviting interior, and reflects great credit upon the judgment and taste of the architect.

ALLERTON, YORKS.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the friends of the Rev. W. E. Winks, the newly-elected pastor of the Baptist church in this village, was held on Monday, February 6th. Upwards of four hundred persons took tea together on the occasion. After tea, the chair was taken by Samuel White, Esq., one of the deacons, who—on behalf of the church—gave Mr. Winks a cordial welcome into their midst. Highly-interesting addresses were given by the Revs. R. Hardy, of Queensbury; R. Wood and H. Beevers, of Bradford; L. Barrans, of Rawdon College; D. Calvert (Independent), of Allerton; and O. Parnaby (Independent), of Wilsden. The pastor then thanked the church, the congregation, and the ministers, for the hearty welcome given him, and expressed a hope that his union with the church at Allerton would prove a mutual blessing.

LLANDILO, RADNORSHIRE.—The Baptist chapel at this place has recently undergone considerable repairs and improvements. The re-opening services were held on the 10th and 11th of January. On the Tuesday evening, at half-past six o'clock, sermons were preached by the Revs. G. H. Llewellyn, of Erwd, and D. Davies, of Dolau. On the Wednesday, at ten o'clock, a sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Phillips, of Evenjobb; at half-past two o'clock, sermons were preached by the Revs. G. Phillips and D. Davies; and at half-past six o'clock, sermons were again preached by the Revs. G. H. Llewellyn and D. Davies. The congregations, especially in the afternoon and evening, were large, and the collections towards the expense incurred liberal. The Rev. T. T. Phillips, minister of the place, expressed his sincere and hearty thanks to the friends generally for their generous contributions.

TETBURY.—A public tea-meeting was held here last month in connexion with the settlement of the Rev. John B. Brasted. The attendance was large and gratifying. After tea, a still larger gathering assembled in the chapel. The Rev. T. Page, Independent minister, presided. After singing, Mr. Cavil, the Scripture-reader, offered prayer. The chairman, in a very kind and pointed opening speech, congratulated the church, and welcomed Mr. Brasted among them as a fellow-worker for Christ. Mr. Pegler, the senior deacon, and Mr. Mapson spoke. The Rev. J. B. Brown, of Cirencester, in a most cordial manner, then gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor, which was responded to by Mr. Brasted in an address in which he called upon the church with him to seek to turn to practical account the

hearty welcome of the day, and so show themselves worthy of such marked esteem.

BRIGHTON.—A pleasant social tea-meeting was held on Thursday, February 9th, at the Windsor Rooms, Brighton, consisting of the church and congregation of the Rev. G. Isaac, who, for nearly two years past, have worshipped on Lord's days in the large upper room of the Town-hall. After tea, a purse of money was presented to Mr. Isaac, consisting of £17, intended as a token of love and esteem, it being the fourth purse of money presented in this way during the last two years. The meeting was addressed by several ministers and gentlemen, amongst whom were the Revs. Messrs. Sharp, Murden, White, and Haynes, W. Oldring, Esq., and D. Friend, Esq. The friends parted in the hope that the day was not far distant when they would possess a comfortable and permanent place of worship.

PLUMSTEAD.—On the 12th of January, the chapel erected in Conduit-road, Plumstead, was opened by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, and the Rev. W. Landels, of Regent's-park. On Sunday, January 22nd, the Rev. Professor Newth, M.A., of New College, preached, and the opening services were concluded by a public meeting on Thursday, January 26th. This building is a substantial structure in the perpendicular Gothic style; the interior being fitted with stained benches, and wrought open roof. The chapel will accommodate 400 persons, and is arranged so that galleries can be erected at a trifling outlay to seat 250 more. Adjoining the chapel are the school-rooms. The cost of the chapel and schools is about £1,200, of which a large portion remains unprovided for. The minister to the church is the Rev. G. E. Arnold.

ST. HELIER'S, JERSEY.—The opening services in connexion with the St. Helier's Baptist church (recently formed in the island) were held on Sunday, January 22nd, in the Temperance Hall, St. Helier's. On Thursday, January 19th, a social tea-meeting was held for the purpose of welcoming the Rev. F. F. Medcalf, of Middleton, who was invited to conduct the services. After tea, a public meeting took place, when the principles of the Baptist denomination were ably advocated by Mr. Medcalf. On Tuesday, January 31st, five young persons were "buried with Christ in baptism," one of whom is a member of the Bible Christian denomination. The following evening (Wednesday) they were admitted into church fellowship. These services are, it is hoped, the commencement of a revival in Jersey of the Baptist cause, which has for some years lain dormant.

BRIERCLIFFE, LANCASHIRE.—On Saturday, February 11th, a tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Briercliffe, in connexion with the settlement of the Rev. W. Cheetham as minister. About 250 sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor. After a few remarks by the chairman, the meeting was addressed, on appropriate subjects, by the Revs. R. Evans, of Burnley; W. G. Fitield, of Goodshaw; R. Botterill, of Colne; W. Osborne, of Nelson; and E. Cowell, of Marsden (Independent). The speeches were interspersed with pieces of music from the singers, and altogether an entertaining and profitable evening was spent.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—Mr. A. H. Knell, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Bildestone.—The Rev. P. P. Rowe, M.A., has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church in Manchester-street, Oldham, to become their pastor, and has commenced his labours.—The Rev. S. Sykes has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church meeting in Knowsley-street, Bury, Lancashire.—Mr. Lenney, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become pastor of the church at Downham Market, Norfolk.—Mr. Daniel Jones, of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, to become its pastor, and has entered on his labours with cheering prospects.—The Rev. G. Hester, of Loughborough, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of Cemetery Road Chapel, Sheffield, and will enter on his new sphere of labour in a few weeks.—The Rev. G. R. Thomas, of St. Neot's, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at Blenheim Chapel, Leeds, and will commence his ministry there on the first Sunday in March.—The Rev. H. A. Tanner, formerly of Portishead, Somerset (whose baptism at Bristol, by the Rev. R. P. Macmaster, was announced some time since), has accepted the pastorate of the church at Over Darwen, Lancashire, and has commenced his labours.—The Rev. H. V. Gill has resigned the charge of the Baptist church at Milford, which he has held for seventeen years, having accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the church and congregation meeting at Lockerley, Hants.—The Rev. W. Green, of Chipping Norton, Oxon, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church assembling in Ebenezer Chapel, Coseley, Staffordshire, and entered upon his labours

the third Sabbath in February.—The Rev. John Lyon has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Wrexham on account of ill-health.—On Sunday, February 12th, the Rev. J. Greenwood, B.A., of University College (late of Chilwell College), commenced his labours as pastor of the Baptist church, Bourne, Lincolnshire.—Mr. W. Wheeler, of Minster, near Witney, has accepted an invitation from the church at Lechlade, Gloucestershire, and entered upon his stated labours on the 19th ult.—The Rev. W. K. Armstrong, B.A., of Berwick, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Mint Lane, Lincoln, and will enter upon his duties about the middle of this month.—The Rev. J. Thomas, of Amlwch, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the minister of the church at Moriah Chapel, Dowlais, and will commence his labours there on the first Sabbath in April.

## Obituary.

### THE REV. J. FOSTER.

The Rev. J. Foster, of Farsley, near Leeds, after being long and successfully employed in the vineyard of Christ, was on Wednesday, January 25th, called to enter upon his eternal reward, within six days of completing his seventy-second year. He was called to the work of the Christian ministry by the church meeting for divine worship in Westgate Chapel, Bradford, then under the pastoral care of the venerable Dr. Steadman. In 1820, he entered upon a course of studies in Horton College, where he was under the able tuition of his pastor and of Mr. (now Dr.) Godwin. His ministerial labours during his stay at Horton were much appreciated by the churches he visited, and he, no doubt, felt preaching to be more congenial to his taste than classical studies.

In 1823, he received a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Farsley, then numbering sixteen members, nearly all of whom were far advanced in life. Early in 1824 he entered upon his labours there, which were continued with manifest tokens of the divine approval for thirty-four years. He was instant in season and out of season, and had great delight in his work. As a preacher, Mr. Foster was simple, solid, and practical. His sermons were pre-eminently evangelical, aiming at the repeated exhibition of religious truth, and recommendation of "the old paths." He pretended not to genius; he had little claim to oratorical power; yet he succeeded, with God's blessing, in increasing the numbers and efficiency of the church, and always adorned his doctrines by the radiance of a holy life. In 1836, the chapel built in 1777 was considerably enlarged. The increased accommodation thus afforded soon proved inadequate to the increase in the schools and congregation. In 1844, the church numbered 225 members, and found it very necessary to extend their borders, and provide a room for a Sunday school. About £1,700 were expended in these enlargements, and the church was much indebted to the unwearied and protracted efforts of their pastor for the pleasing fact, that at the conclusion of the re-opening services all expenses incurred were amply met. During his ministry, he was much employed in the self-denying work of "begging." He was secretary and collector to the Yorkshire Itinerant Society for many years. In 1835, he was very successful in raising funds for the erection of a school-room at Rodley. In 1850, he laudably exerted himself in soliciting aid for a new Baptist chapel at Pudsey; and it may be recorded to his credit that the last subscription he gave was for the supply of the pulpit there.

In April, 1858, Mr. Foster tendered his resignation of the pastoral office, having given six months' previous notice of his purpose to do so. A deeply-interesting service was held on the occasion, when an address to the retiring pastor was read by one of the deacons, which concluded as follows:—"In consideration of your long and valuable services, extending over thirty-four years; and as an humble expression of esteem, and of our deep sense of the value of your ministerial and pastoral labours among us, ever sustained and adorned by a consistent Christian deportment and an unblemished reputation, I now, on behalf of the Baptist church and congregation assembling for divine worship here, present for your acceptance a purse containing seventy-seven sovereigns."

After this, he for above a year supplied the pulpit once a month, or more frequently, always presiding at the ordinance of the Lord's supper.

He in due time materially assisted and directed the church in the very happy choice made of his successor, and no one has rejoiced more than he in the success that has attended Mr. Parker's ministrations. During the last nine weeks of his life, he occupied his old and greatly-beloved pulpit three several times, the last occasion within three weeks of his decease. After this, his last public effort, he attended a prayer-meeting in the vestry on the following Thursday evening. On reaching home he shuddered very much, and felt that he had caught a bad cold. He did not appear seriously worse

until the following Tuesday, when his medical attendant was called in, who held out no hope of his ultimate recovery: said he was suffering from bronchitis. He was confined to his bed about eight days, during which time his sufferings were by no means severe. All within was calm, unruffled peace, and sunshine all above. He read his "title clear to mansions in the skies." A minute or two before he died, he said, "I am passing through deep waters. But all is peace within. I have not a fear." Without the slightest struggle, "he fell asleep" on the 25th January, 1865.

On Monday, the 30th of January, the mortal remains of the venerable servant of God were committed to their last resting-place in the burial-ground adjoining the chapel where he had so long laboured. The Rev. R. Green, of Shipley, read the Scriptures. The Rev. R. D. Maud, of the Methodist Free Church, offered prayer. Revs. J. P. Chown and P. Scott addressed the mourning audience, which, considering the very inclement weather, was numerous. The Rev. J. Compston concluded the solemn services in the chapel by prayer. At the grave side, Rev. H. Dowson said a few words (the stormy weather rendering it unsafe to give a lengthened address) and offered a short prayer.

## GENERAL.

THE REV. C. NEVILE ON TRUST-DEEDS.—The Rev. C. Nevile, writing to one of the papers, remarks:—"I am persuaded that it will not be possible much longer to maintain the present Established Church, and consequently the subject of trust-deeds becomes of the deepest interest to me. In the few observations I venture to offer you, my object is to draw out the sentiments of persons more able and better informed than I can be upon this subject. Suppose five different bodies of religious persons, upon the principle of *doctrinal* trust-deeds, invest five millions in building freehold churches or chapels. It is absolutely certain that four millions must be appropriated 'for ever' to the teaching of error. The Lord Chancellor would say to each of them, 'I have nothing to do with the *Bible*, or the *truth*, or the *conscience* of each minister; the *convictions* of the respective congregations are nothing to me: it is my duty to declare the law of the land, which is that the particular doctrine must be preached in each chapel for which that chapel was built.' Now surely all this must be an immense and an unnecessary obstacle to the ascertaining the truth of the New Testament, which we all profess to seek. If I believe the Unitarian to be in error, it must be my duty to endeavour, by earnest and Christianlike discussion, to convince him that he is mistaken. The possession of a chapel worth £3,000, dependent on his retaining his convictions, or *professing* to retain them, must be a great hindrance between us. He would be justified in applying the same argument to *me*. I cannot admit the right of any man, or body of men, to tie up property, to the end of the world, in order to maintain their own *peculiar* views of religious teaching. Their sincerity does not affect the question in the least. It appears to me to be entirely opposed to New Testament principles. The few articles in the proposed Congregational trust-deed are a very great improvement upon our long and complicated Book of Common Prayer; but by what human authority can some few points be decided to be *vital*, and others *not vital*? Assuming Scripture doctrine to be truly stated in these articles, if they preserve the truth better than Scripture, they are *better* than Scripture, and we come to this, *uninspired* is better than *inspired* language. If the points stated are clear and certain, it must be unnecessary to protect them by a *deed*; if they are *not* clear, and *not* certain, it must be a dangerous course to throw a material impediment in the way of discussion and argument."

# Editorial Notes for the Month.

ALMOST immediately after the publication of our last number, Parliament assembled. The Queen's Speech—which was again a *message* rather than a speech—contained the usual generalities, expressed, however, in an unusually dull and formal style; and, for any good that came of it, or any information that it conveyed, the message, so far as we can see, might just as well have been omitted altogether. The proceedings since have been of a piece with those that occupied the first evening. Scarcely

any topic of interest has been introduced, and what has been said has been said in the most uninteresting way. Evidently, honourable members know that the day of dissolution is at hand. They are "numbering their days." We wish we could see any indication that they were applying their hearts unto wisdom.

One thing we rejoice at,—that there was no indication in the Speech, nor has there been any in the speeches of the parliamentary leaders, of any intention to interfere at all in American affairs. Before the meeting of Parliament, an intervention of some kind was loudly threatened. It was even said that England and France would formally recognize the South in this month of March. So far as England is concerned, there was evidently no basis for the prediction. It has been all but formally repudiated and contradicted; and the contradiction has been received with general satisfaction. Meantime, an event has occurred which must have some effect upon opinion on American affairs. Both Houses of the Legislature in Washington have passed a resolution, recommending an alteration in the national constitution, by which slavery shall be declared illegal throughout the States. The recommendation is to be submitted to the State Legislatures, and no doubt is entertained that it will be accepted by the requisite majority. We need not say that the event is one which should induce the most earnest and devout thankfulness. Five years since, who could have anticipated it? To HIM be all the praise, who out of apparent evil still educes good!

The announcement made in our last number, of the withdrawal of Sir Morton Peto's chapel-building proposal, has, as we expected, excited the liveliest regret. Many attempts have been made to account for it, and, of course, it has been looked at from many various points of view; but the opinion is, we believe, universal, that the failure has arisen chiefly from want of organization among London Baptists. There is not even an Association in London. Could not the Baptist Union do something to remedy this serious and admitted evil?

One important step the Union has taken during the past month. It has issued a circular to the churches, asking for immediate action in reference to the injury done to religion by the Ecclesiastical Establishments of the land. The circular will be found on another page. The step taken has our most cordial approval. We hope that it will be approved as cordially by the denomination generally; and that it may prove the beginning of a movement which shall not be confined to Baptists, and which shall lead to the most important results.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the contributions for the Jamaica churches are being sent in to the Mission House with a liberal hand. The most earnest sympathy has been expressed for our brethren in the West, in this hour of their deep trial. It is only important to remember that, as yet, the necessity is far greater than the relief which the committee have been enabled to afford. We feel assured that the requisite assistance will not be withheld.

THE

# BAPTIST REPORTER.

## APRIL, 1865.

### OUR RURAL CHURCHES.

THE fact deserves attention, that many of our oldest and most useful churches have been rural churches. We seem to have begun, not as the apostles did, with the great centres of population, so much as with the hamlets and villages, the "pagan" part of the land. This is not difficult to account for. The same persecuting rigour or ungracious toleration which compelled our nonconforming fathers in the towns to build their "meeting-houses" in the most secluded and unnoticed spots, further induced them to resort to the "green pastures and still waters," where, less observed and interrupted, they might worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.

It is, however, a fact of which few will be ignorant, that many of these ancient churches have seen their best days, and are now suffering a visible and unhappy decline. It is not with them as in days past—they are conscious they are not doing "their first works," and that "the things which remain are ready to die."

There is no reason to suppose that personal Christianity has declined in such churches—no reason to imagine that their decline is attributable to spiritual unfaithfulness. Chargeable as they may be with many shortcomings, the Master's language is not, more than aforetime, that of censure and reproof. The causes of their decline must be sought elsewhere, and they are at hand.

These churches were once the solitary depositaries of divine truth. Before Methodism or any of its sections was known—before evangelical doctrine had any place or power in the Establishment—when as yet no Whitfield nor Wesley had raised up for God a warlike band—churches such as these possessed the light, and diffused the light abroad. It was a proud position for them to occupy, and a position to which they owed much of their increase; and, while deploring their decline, it is somewhat cheering to know that it has been suffered because others have risen up to do a similar work, and to earn a portion of the same glory.

Besides, these churches were once the necessary centres of large and important districts. Situated often on some hilly eminence, each house of

God was a Mount Zion, to which "the tribes of the Lord gathered to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." On Sabbath mornings the approaches thereto were thronged by the conveyances of the "well-to-do," while, as to the wayfarers, from all directions—

"Cheerful along the waste they trod,
To join the assemblies of their God."

Were our ancestors stauncher Baptists, or made of better stuff than we? For now that the pulpits of the Establishment are resonant with the Gospel—now that in every hamlet Methodism has its powerful organizations, it is nothing unusual to find members, resident five or six miles from their place of worship, "conspicuous by their absence;" perhaps attending other "means" and contributing towards their support.

Moreover, the tide of population is very capricious. Here it has unaccountably receded—there, largely advanced. In the present state of our population the situation of some of our rural chapels is nothing but tantalizing. If they once represented the centre of the district, they certainly now represent a point in the remote circumference. They are hallowed spots because associated with solemn memories of the past, but they are churches "in the wilderness" now. The population to which they were once so useful now occupies other neighbourhoods, thick with the hives of industry, and in too many cases they have failed to follow the people with the Gospel, or to adapt their plans of usefulness to their altered needs.

Take a case in point. One of the oldest churches in the country long enjoyed a position of honour and a career of unbroken usefulness. Latterly, however, it has passed through a season of decline. Its "pillars" have been removed by death, or by transference to other neighbourhoods. The population has undergone a great and unfavourable decline. The meeting-house is no longer centrally situated, but miles distant therefrom; a new centre—populated by many thousands—has arisen, to which none of the efforts of this church relates. The tide of population has advanced, and with it has carried everything except that which assuredly should not have been left behind—the religious instruction of the people. The church is wasting its fragrance on the desert air, while there are thousands to whom that fragrance might be the very breath of heaven.

The foregoing case is only an example of a state of things which is not at all unusual in the denomination. Practical questions have a large claim upon the attention of every Baptist. May we ask, What is to be done with our village churches? Would it be unwise for Country Home Missions and Associations to give such churches, for a while, their special attention? To aid them by their funds is important, but not sufficient. Indeed, pecuniary aid is not the principal aid they require. What is most needful is for them to see the sources of their decline, and the remedy they can apply. Judicious observers can determine even better than the churches themselves the direction in which their prosperity is possible, and the means by which it may best be sought, and they may safely interpose, not indeed as lords over God's heritage, but as helpers of their faith.

There is one thing which no church will be loath to do—to break up fresh soil—to extend its operations where they have not yet been felt.

Most churches have the opportunity of doing so; for it commonly happens that immediately adjacent to those districts where the population is declining are those districts where it is largely on the increase. And, here, Christian operations are loudly called for; here, as in the case of the iron and coal districts, is an opportunity for these churches more than to recover the ground they have lost. The question is—How can this be accomplished? —how can we adapt our church system to such cases as these?

The question has been practically answered in the action of churches with which we are acquainted. Unwilling to die of inanition, they have broken forth on the right hand and on the left. Inasmuch as the districts no longer come to the churches, the churches are content to go to the districts; and here and there, as circumstances have permitted and opportunities offered, preaching stations have been opened, Sabbath schools formed, and all the machinery of Christian usefulness employed. "Doors of usefulness" have thus been opened, and work has been done which has more than counterbalanced the loss sustained by the churches, while it has infused into them a healthier and better tone.

Practically viewed, it will in most cases be found that our churches are able to accomplish work such as this. Undoubtedly we have men both able and willing to render their pastors occasional aid in village work; men who would be even better Christians for having their gifts to some extent exercised in evangelistic work. Nor would the central congregation itself be disadvantaged, if occasionally it would forego the ministrations of its own pastor, that he might labour on new and important soil.

Should it be said that this is a modification of Methodism, it is replied that the circumstances of many of our churches loudly demand its adoption. But where is the "elasticity" of our independency unless it meets such cases as these? The fear of "methodising" our churches is ungrounded—although, perhaps, we should, as Baptists, desiderate more of his aggressiveness, who said, "The world is my parish." At any rate, it is not right that in every country district we should find Baptists as "sheep without a shepherd," some not even in nominal membership with us, and others whose membership is only a form, and who are practically lost to the denomination.

---

## SATURDAY EVENING.

Standing just now at my window, in the gloaming, I saw the last hues of sunset fading very slowly from the western sky. All was calm, and a feeling of deep solemnity, not unmixed with pleasure, filled my heart as I watched the closing day of another week expire. I had shut the window, but the freshness of the evening air still hovered round me; and I rejoiced to know that over meadow and garden—perhaps even through the busy streets of yonder town—its cool breezes softly played. A few minutes earlier, and, in another room, I had been repeating some favourite lines, beginning,—

"The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on;
Rest, rest in peace, thy six days' toil is done:"

and, as I involuntarily connected the idea of a closing week with the restful aspect of so much of earth and sky as to me were visible, the concluding words of "Saturday Evening" rose to heaven as a vesper hymn:—

"Spirit of Good! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand,—
That hand which leads me gently, kindly still,
Up Life's steep, toilsome, dark, and thorny hill.
Thou, thou in every storm, hast sheltered me
Beneath the wing of thy benignity.
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist, thy mercy's monument.
A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain,
I live, and pleasure flows through every vein.
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her wand,
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.
How can I praise thee, Father, how express
My debt of reverence and of thankfulness?
A debt which no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount!"

After this, I let down the blind, and came back to my chair by the fire, musing upon the different ways in which people spend the week's last evening. As I take up my pen, memory brings before the eye of my mind half a score or so of pictures, all bearing in her catalogue the same title, "Saturday Evening," and all presenting more or less of contrast to that formed by this solitary figure, these literary surroundings, and this undisturbed repose. One by one I, as it were, take down these sketches, dust them, meditate upon them, hang them up again with a smile or sigh. What an instructive little gallery it is! There is your "Saturday Evening in the Nursery,"—that golden hour when "Aquarius the water-bearer, and Pisces the fishes" (as we used to say at school) have it all their own way, or nearly so, winding up with mamma's good-night kiss and pleasant words about papa's being at home all day to-morrow, and with such sweet sleep as, perhaps, only childhood knows. While I write these lines, how many mothers are thus bending over rosy faces fresh from the bath, and thus whispering a fond good-night! Peaceful and calm is the Saturday evening of a well-ordered nursery, bright and beautiful its Sunday morning; and the one we imagine as the necessary result of the other. Show me, I would say, a home in which the Sundays are happy throughout, and I will show you one in which Saturday is rightly spent, and *vice versâ;* for the two days, in more than one sense, hang together.

One picture—it is called "Saturday Evening at School"—shows a group of lads closing their half-holiday by a gossip around the school-room fire. Two or three, perhaps all, have been thinking of the people at home, wishing that, like some of the other "fellows," they were weekly boarders, spending Sunday with their families. All the juniors have been sent off to bed, and the house is quiet. Do these boys think of the mercies and the sins of the week so nearly closed, or of the temptations that may await them in the next? Seldom a whit. As it was with their fathers, so is it with the children:—

"Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn."

Saturday evening, with such a group, is a time for marvellous tales of adventure,—perhaps even a monstrous ghost-story, made to order for the occasion by the greatest story-teller of them all:—

"No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:"

and far be it from us to wish them to be sad. All that this page would ask is that, in early days, *true* happiness be secured by the devotion of the whole life to him who gave it. This is surely not inconsistent with the enjoyment of every real pleasure which this world affords, and it has the advantage of preparing us for that other, to which even our schoolboys hasten.

Again the scene changes, and I look upon a crowded room in which, plying their needles with a marvellous rapidity, a large number of young women toil to finish the week's work—or rather, what their taskmistress considers to be such—within the week. How pale are the anxious faces, and how bent the aching shoulders, as they labour on into the wearying night, and—though more slowly, not less surely—into their graves! A sad picture! yet I gaze upon it with greater interest, and replace it with more reluctance than the others. How long, I ask, shall such scenes disgrace our land, and tens of thousands who profess to love their neighbours as themselves be altogether and wickedly indifferent thereto? How long shall the widow, fresh from the death-bed of her husband; the child, weeping over a father who crossed the threshold of eternity but yesterday; the parents, who have seen heaven open, as it were, to receive their child, give, without pity, the "large mourning order, to be executed by the end of the week," which, in the mouth of an experienced and fashionable *modiste*, becomes an instrument of such refined and unendurable torture? How long, last of all, shall the Lord look down from heaven and forbear to avenge the cause of the helpless poor? As I hang up this picture, a prayer rises from my heart, that in all time to come I may have grace to protest, by word and deed, against the crying sin of which, with a pathos that might melt a heart of stone, those haggard faces speak.

"Saturday Evening in the Country!" What a contrast between this and that! An old farm-house, with a garden before its door, and a quiet farm-yard on its eastern side, and an orchard, full of whispering fruit-trees, in its rear. What a hush is upon the place, as the stately moon peeps through her veil of flying clouds upon distant hills and near patches of woodland, between which stands many another homestead, with trim, undulating meadows and prospective corn-fields lying round. See the farmer returning from the evening reconnoitre which he makes as a precaution against fire. In another half-hour, early as it is, he and his household will be fast asleep. What a quiet expression is on his face as he looks at the sky, and calculates the probabilities for or against a rainy morrow! He appears to be satisfied with this week's work, and not over anxious about the next; yet the moon, as she looks down upon him, sees a thoughtful eye, as well as lips that seem to breathe a prayer. Need enough is there for us all to *watch* as well as *pray*, to *act* in God's golden hours of opportunity as well as to *ask*, day by day, that such hours may come.

Two years ago, on a fine Saturday evening in summer, I, whose last days of the week are usually calm and quiet, was an unwilling traveller, by a late train, from one part of London to another. Not easily shall I forget the scene at the railway-station that night,—for a large party of young men, who had been so mad as to abuse the priceless gift of a Saturday half-holiday by immoderate drinking, made the roof echo with their senseless laughter as they rushed up and down the platform, and outvied each other in performing freaks worthy of Bedlam. What a winding-up of a week never-to-be-recalled was that! What a preparation for the day of rest! What a cause of joy in hell, and of sorrow

—if sorrow can enter there—in heaven! When shall men cease to defile the land with sins like these? And, more important still to each of us, when shall we set ourselves to do our part to train the rising generation of boys—not alone for noble *work*, but for manly and wholesome *play*!

Take another picture. On the same evening, scarcely half an hour later, I found myself in a broad metropolitan thoroughfare, as crowded and as lively as if the hour had been six instead of half-past eleven. Soon the midnight chimes would sound. No matter; twelve o'clock was quite a busy time *there*. I had seen a provincial market on a Saturday evening, and I had justly considered *that* a busy place; but the scene which forms this picture surpasses all. Not only is every shop open,—the road is positively brilliant with gas-lighted stalls, some having no less than half a score of jets flaring out upon the wind; while, at each shop window, a crowd composed of purchasers, cavillers, loiterers, and, very possibly, thieves, forms a group worthy of a painter's study. O ye who, in rural quietude, retiring to rest "at your usual hour of ten," may, perchance, be aroused at midnight from your peaceful slumbers, think, on this Saturday night, with a holy pity, of the tens of thousands who, in busy towns, still wake and toil. For the stars that look down on the wide landscape, and the gently flowing river, which you may see without stirring from your room, are, at this very moment, the silent spectators of such things as might make even angels weep. Would you relieve the sufferings of the over-worked and uncared-for sons of poverty, and help them to lead a purer and happier life? Then *pray for them* as you lie awake in your quiet room, and as the clock upon the stairs without repeats its warning that "the time is short."

Yet another picture, roughly sketched, but withal suggestive. "Will you be able to rest to-morrow?" I inquired of a Parisian artisan as he carried home my parcels one evening.

"Ah, madame! we shall have a holiday, for we shut at two o'clock!" To-morrow was Sunday, and the shop in question was a toy-shop! The poor man appeared to think himself highly privileged in being free after two in the afternoon. I can see him now as he walks by my side, and explains with great animation that he spends Sunday evening as he likes. He is one of my characteristic portraits, and a companion to it is my smiling landlady, who, as I presently explain that I have broken a rule by shopping on a Saturday evening, shrugs her shoulders, and remarks that madame is good, but these rules are not the customs here. Indeed "madame" has already discovered that a Saturday night in Paris is a preparation, *not* for a day of rest, but for that very different thing, a Parisian Sunday. It is an old story, this of thanksgiving for our English privileges in regard to the Lord's day, but I like it none the less for that. While we congratulate ourselves upon our *Sundays*, however, let us try to improve our *Saturdays*. There is room for improvement—that, at least, is certain; and, in closing my gallery, I desire on this subject to make one or two remarks.

People who are not in business, and who, possibly, are foolish enough to feel proud of knowing nothing about it, sometimes congratulate themselves on the exemplary manner in which they, as individuals, spend the last evening of the week. They are exemplary, for they spend a quiet evening, thinking much about the morrow, and they go to bed early. So far good: but what of all the morning's shopping, postponed till then by mere caprice, by which you, dear madam, gave a whole tribe of busy shopmen a full hour's work in re-folding for to-night? While you thus calmly read your chapter and lie down to sleep, Brown is folding shawls, and Robinson is rolling ribbons, which you made them open out in the busiest part of their busiest day, and which, with a thousand other things, they and their helpers must put straight before they sleep. Those

three boxes of lace collars, which you so completely disarranged, will detain that pale girl till eleven o'clock, in a shop which she first entered *fourteen hours ago*. Think of that, and next week *be merciful*.

But there are others who need the exhortation to be merciful, as well as the ladies who go a-shopping on the Saturday. Is there not, amongst employers of a certain class, a disposition to compel their assistants to crowd as much work as possible into the last day of the week? Are there not many who make *no* effort to relieve the overtasked *employé* who, too often, is rendered incapable of enjoying Sunday by the late hours of the previous night? Are there not some masters who leave business for several hours in the earlier day, and then return, fresh and active, to make up as they suppose for their lost time, by keeping all at work till within an hour of midnight? Yes, *such things are*,—and, as surely as God has written "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," so surely, for such works as these, will the Most High bring men to judgment.

The clock strikes nine. It is time for me to close my picture gallery and lay down my pen. I would fain believe that I have not opened the one and held the other altogether in vain, but that some word in season may have fallen upon a kindly soil, to bring forth fruit, by-and-by, to the glory of God. Is it too much to hope that some "gentle reader" has derived both pleasure and profit from our simple talk, beside the evening fire, *apropos* of Saturday evening?

---

## THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TRIED BY ITSELF.

It is instructive to observe how often those churches which in practice have wandered far from apostolic rule are condemned by their own formularies, how often their authoritative standards point to a higher state of Christian doctrine and practice than that which the churches themselves exemplify. This is notably the case with the Church of England, and our design in this paper is to point out how the *Church as she is* is condemned by her own statement of the *Church as she ought to be*.

We remember once hearing a friend speak of the bigotry of Dissenters, and the climax of his accusation was, They will not even acknowledge the Church of England to be a Church at all. Let us inquire whether, *on her own showing*, she be one or not. "The visible church of Christ," so runs the Nineteenth Article, "is a congregation of faithful men (*coetus fidelium*), in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." "The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men;" that is, as the Latin version shows, of believers; "men full of faith." Now, is the Church of England such? Neither in theory nor in practice is she so. Her theory is, that admittance into the Church is dependent, not on faith, but on baptism, and that at an age when faith is impossible; for after the child has been baptized, the priest says, "Seeing, dearly beloved, that this child is *grafted into the body of Christ's church*;" and so the Catechism, "Wherein I was made a *member* of Christ." Now, infants, "by reason of their tender age, cannot believe;" and, therefore, they become members of the Church without the exercise of faith. After being thus admitted without faith, they are confirmed

without necessarily believing; for the priest simply exhorts the sponsors, "Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the bishop, to be confirmed by him, so soon as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue, and be further instructed in the Church-Catechism." Here, also, there is no reference to faith; the child has only to *learn* the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Catechism, and whether he, in his heart, believe them or not, he is a fit subject for confirmation. *Then*, it is true, he renews his baptismal vow; but however heedlessly he do so, it makes no difference; he is confirmed. There is no provision to exclude from confirmation and the Lord's Supper the most manifest unbeliever, provided he *formally* profess faith, and be not openly immoral. As soon as he is confirmed, he is expected to receive the Lord's Supper, and, provided he be not "an open and notorious evil liver, or have done any wrong to his neighbours by word or deed," he has a perfect right to receive it till his death; and then he is buried "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." In the *theory* of the Church, the faith of the renewed heart has no place at all: the child is, at baptism, admitted into the Church without it, he is confirmed without it, he receives the Lord's Supper without it, and he is buried without it. And, taking faith in the lowest sense of the word, an institution, membership in which is gained by an outward act, in infancy, when faith is impossible, and retained as long as the outward life is morally decent, cannot be called "a congregation of believing men."

But whatever may be thought of the theory of the Church, there can be no doubt as to its practice,—it were a waste of words to prove what that is. The Church and the world are utterly confused, not the least distinction is made between them. A clergyman can refuse the Lord's Supper to no baptized and confirmed parishioner, however godless he be, and must read over such the Burial Service of the Church. Even of the rules which exclude notorious evil livers from the Communion, Procter, in his *History of the Book of Common Prayer*, writes thus: "These rules, implying an efficient system of corrective discipline, are wisely retained for *self-reproof*, and as a means of showing what the Church requires in her members, though, in practice, they have fallen into disuse *from the uncertainty of their legal application*." We need say no more to prove how far the Church of England, *in fact*, is from being "a congregation of believing men." But are there no believers in the Church? Certainly there are, but that is a mere accident; they are there by virtue of their baptism, not by virtue of their faith. They would have been quite as good Churchmen if they were not believers. So clearly is this the case, and so clearly do statesmen see it to be so, that Mr. Disraeli, the other day, spoke of "that vulgar and pernicious idea that the Church is an ecclesiastical organization." The idea that the ἐκκλησία is an *ecclesiastical* organization, vulgar and pernicious! Yet this is the light in which an astute statesman is forced to regard the Church,—not as an ecclesiastical, but as a political organization. And how frequently do we hear the Church praised as a *national* Church, and that by its own members. Such persons would define the Church "a congregation of *English*-men,"

and such the Church of England, legally, is; every British subject is a member of that Church. A body that admits to membership without faith, and exercises no discipline whatever, can have no right to call itself "a congregation of *believing* men."

But the Article we have cited proceeds to add, in its definition of the Church, the words, "in the which the pure Word of God is preached." We may divide the Church of England, roughly, into three great divisions, which we may consider as approximately equal to one another. There are the Low Church, who preach salvation by grace; the High Church, who, virtually, preach salvation by the Church; and the Broad Church, who preach, to a great extent, salvation without an atonement, and, many of them, ultimate salvation for all. Now, whichever of these doctrines be the true one, the other two are fundamentally wrong. Hence, on any showing, in two-thirds, at least, of the pulpits of the Establishment the pure Word of God is not preached; and, therefore, the Church of England does not answer to the second *particular* in her own definition of a church.

We forbear to touch the third point in the definition of a church, "and the Sacraments be duly administered," though we might point to the wide divergence in the doctrine of the sacraments as held by those who certainly "minister" in the same form. We have surely said enough to show how far the Church of England is from satisfying her own definition: "The visible church of Christ is a congregation of *believing* men, in the which the *pure Word of God* is preached, and the Sacraments be duly ministered."

We proceed next to inquire how far the Church's practice agrees with her doctrines on the subject of baptism. The Articles speak as follows: On the Sacraments in general they say,—"Sacraments ordained of Christ be not only *badges or tokens of Christian men's profession*, but rather they be certain sure witnesses, and effectual signs of grace, and God's good will towards us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth *not only quicken*, but also *strengthen and confirm our faith in him*. . . . In such only as *worthily* receive the same they have a wholesome effect or operation: but they that receive them unworthily purchase to themselves damnation, as Saint Paul saith" (Article 25). "Neither is the effect of Christ's ordinance taken away by their [the clergyman's] wickedness, nor the grace of God's gifts diminished from such as *by faith and worthily (fide et rite)* do receive the Sacraments ministered unto them" (Article 26). Of baptism in particular, they say: "Baptism is not only a *sign of profession*, and mark of difference, whereby Christian men are discerned from others that be not christened (*a non Christianis*), but it is also a sign of regeneration or new birth, whereby, as by an instrument, they that receive baptism rightly are grafted into the Church; the promises of forgiveness of sin, and of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are visibly signed and sealed; faith is confirmed, and grace increased, by virtue of prayer unto God." Will our readers believe that the very next sentence after this thoroughly Baptist definition is, "The baptism of young children is in anywise to be retained in the Church, as most agreeable with the institution of Christ"! The words we have quoted, in reference both to the sacra-

ments in general and to baptism in particular, though somewhat ceremonial, yet, on the whole, are thoroughly scriptural when applied to the baptism of believers; but how shall we apply them to the baptism of infants? "Baptism is a mark of *profession*." What can an infant profess? What should we think of an infant, a month old, professing itself a Whig? or a Tory? or a Free-Trader? or a Homœopathist? And if it is absurd to think of a child of a few weeks old professing itself such, is it less absurd to think of it making the profession of being a Christian, "which is," as the Baptismal Service expresses it, "to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto him; that as he died and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die from sin and rise again unto righteousness; continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living"? In His Majesty's Declaration prefixed to the Articles, he "requires all our loving subjects to continue in the uniform *Profession* thereof." Has an infant who is baptized in the Church of England to *profess* his *belief* in the Articles of that Church, as well as in the general truths of Christianity?

Nor is the idea of infant profession simply absurd; we think the Church of England does not herself adopt it. Some passages in the Baptismal Service certainly look as if she did; for the questions put to the sponsors are not, *Wilt* thou, but, *Dost* thou believe? But, on the other hand, we must not at once convict a Church of an absurdity; and other passages in the Prayer-Book would tend to show that the infant does not *profess* his *present* repentance and faith, but *promises* it for the future. The priest, at the close of the Baptismal Service, says to the sponsors—"Forasmuch as this child hath *promised* by you his sureties." And in the Catechism the same idea is brought out very clearly,—"My Godfathers and Godmothers did *promise and vow* three things in my name." "*Q.* What is required of persons to be baptized? *A.* Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and Faith, whereby they steadfastly believe the promises of God, made to them in that Sacrament. *Q.* Why then are infants baptized, when *by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them*? *A.* Because they *promise* them both by their sureties; which *promise*, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform." The theory of the Church, then, is that repentance and faith are necessary to baptism, but that infants are baptized on their promise that they will, when they grow up, fulfil these conditions. Then how is baptism a "sign of profession," in their case? They profess nothing, they only promise that they will profess. Looked at from this point of view, then, their baptism is only conditional; it does not take effect until they fulfil their promise. We say, *looked at from this point of view*, because, looked at from another the theory of the Church seems certainly to be, that the mere act of baptism, through God's ordinance, regenerates the soul. We never undertook to maintain that the Church's doctrine is a *consistent* one. This view may be fortified by the opinion of Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a work of his on the Catechism. He says, "But what if they should not fulfil what has been promised in their name? *In that case the covenant made on their behalf would be void.*"

Let us exemplify this view by a parallel case. Good conduct is the condition of receiving a certain prize at a school—the prize is given to an infant on the promise of three persons that, when the child grows up, he will be a good boy. To enter at one of certain colleges, and pass certain examinations, is the condition of receiving the degree of B.A. "Why then should not infants have that degree conferred upon them, provided they promise by their sureties that they will enter the University and pass the examinations?" Why not, indeed, on the Church's theory? We know not, except that men will at once perceive an absurdity in worldly matters, and be blind to a precisely parallel case in spiritual. But if people were so absurd as to bestow an Academical degree on an infant, on the promise of three sureties that he would fulfil the conditions, what if the child refused to fulfil them? What if he were a truant or a dunce? Surely the bestowment of the degree was hypothetical, conditional, not actual. And in the same manner, infant baptism, administered on the vicarious promise of future repentance and faith, is merely hypothetical, conditional. And what is the use of it? No good can come of it till the conditions are fulfilled. And why not wait and baptize *then*? Why confer a degree on an infant, whom you may afterwards have to degrade to a non-graduate for non-fulfilment of conditions? What is the good of it? Why not wait till the conditions are fulfilled? And, in like manner, why not wait till the person repents and believes before you baptize him?

Baptism is also "a mark of difference, whereby Christian men are discerned from others that be not christened," that is, "that are not Christians," (Lat. *a non Christianis*). Then, is the baptized infant a Christian, and the unbaptized infant not one? We presume the Church thinks so. When the name of "Christians" was first given it was bestowed on the disciples; "the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." How an infant can be a *disciple*, a learner, and, further, how the application of a few drops of water can make one infant a *learner*, while the other is not, we are at a loss to comprehend.

We read further of baptism, "whereby, as by an instrument, they that receive baptism *rightly* are grafted into the Church." What is the meaning of receiving baptism *rightly*? Let the preceding Article tell us. "The grace of God's gifts is not diminished from such as *by faith and rightly* do receive the Sacraments." To receive baptism *rightly*, then, we infer, is to receive it "by faith and rightly." The Latin phrase, *fide et rite*, sounds like an alliteration to express the one idea, that to receive a sacrament by faith, and to receive it rightly, are equivalent expressions.

The definition of baptism concludes with the words:—"Faith is confirmed, and grace increased, by virtue of prayer unto God." Faith is *confirmed;* then it must have existed previously; but infants, "by reason of their tender age, *cannot believe*," and all that their sponsors do is to promise that they *will believe*, some years hence. "Grace is *increased*," then it must have existed previously. But all parties in the Church acknowledge that, in the case of infants, grace does not exist before baptism. The High Churchman says that then grace is *first implanted*,

the Low Churchman says there is *no grace conferred at all;* on either theory, in the case of infants, grace is not *increased* at baptism.

We have said enough to show how the Church of England practice fails to agree with her doctrine, inasmuch as the terms of the Articles are applicable only to the case of the reception of the sacraments by *believers.* But we cannot conclude without giving a few extracts from a sermon of Canon Stowell's, on baptism, in which, *as he is arguing against High Church views,* he expressly adopts the view we are now taking; and yet he defends and practises infant baptism. He says:—"It will facilitate the prosecution of our inquiry [as to the teaching of the Church on the Sacraments] if we, for the present, keep infant baptism in the background. *In doing so we shall be acting as the Church has done in her Articles.* . . . She [the Church] adds that by these God 'doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in Him.' *It is assumed, therefore, that the faith already exists, which is to be quickened, strengthened, and confirmed.* And that such is the mind of the Church is made still plainer by what follows:—'In such only as worthily receive the same they have a wholesome effect or operation.' In this passage how emphatically is the stress laid on the *receiving* of the sacraments *worthily,* not, as some would have it, on the having them *rightly administered.* . . . In further illustration we appeal to the Twenty-sixth Article. '. . . Nor the grace of God's gifts diminished from such as by faith and worthily do receive the Sacraments. . . .' If there remained any misgiving on the subject, this decision must resolve it; for it rules that, however unfit the administrator, the *devout and believing* heart shall not, on his account, be bereft of the promised blessing." Then, quoting the Article on Baptism, he adds:—"Expressions which indicate not the introduction into, but rather the authentication and ratification of a covenant; and to the same effect it is added, 'faith is confirmed, and grace increased, by virtue of prayer unto God.' *So that faith is not said to be then implanted, but confirmed; grace is not said to be originated, but increased;* and that by virtue of prayer as well as the ordinance." The Canon then considers the Office for Baptism of such as are of Riper Years, and says that the expressions used in it all go on the supposition, the charitable assumption, that the candidate is sincere in his profession. "*This profession is the very hinge of the ordinance;* on the strength of it baptism is administered. It is the avowed entrance of the person into that covenant which baptism avouches and confirms." Our readers will be curious to learn how Canon Stowell reconciles his views with the practice of infant baptism. It is on the same principle of charitable assumption. The sponsors promise, in the name of the child, that he will repent and believe; the Church "has no right nor reason to assume that he will, when he comes of age, neglect or refuse to fulfil these promises;" and, therefore, though her Articles keep infant baptism, the *rule,* in the background, and speak in terms strictly applicable only to the *exception,* believers' baptism, yet she baptizes him on this assumption, that, in after life, he will fulfil the requisite conditions of baptism! We presume our readers are aware of the liberality of the

British Government, as shown in the fact that, provided the parents of any infant child will send in a formal promise, in *his* name and on *his* responsibility, that he will enlist in the army and manifest uniform good conduct, the Government, charitably assuming that the conditions will be fulfilled, will send back to the parents, without delay, the full bounty money, a certificate of good conduct, and a little red coat, to be put on the infant, "as a badge or token of his military profession," that he may be distinguished "from others that *be not soldiers*"! We have laughed at the idea of the Prince Imperial being a colonel of a regiment while in long clothes, is it less absurd to consider an infant in arms as a Christian?

Thus, tested by its own Articles, the Church of England is not a Church, and Infant Baptism is not Baptism.

---

## CROOKED STICKS.

In glancing lately at the contents of one of the "Country Parson's" very entertaining volumes, we discovered a chapter concerning "Screws." Attracted by the oddity of the title, we perused the chapter, and ascertained that the "screw" was not one of the mechanical powers, as we had learned in boyhood to believe, but, according to the Parson's technology, *a horse*, unsound in body or limb, used up by the vicious habits of his various masters, or objectionable on account of vicious habits of his own.

The writer showed, however, that the great bulk of the horse-work of the world was done by just such animals, and that they were, therefore, not to be despised. Passing from horses to men, our author proceeded to demonstrate that the great majority of the race were "screws," every man having his own peculiar weakness, and all men maimed, to some extent, in body, mind, or morals. "Yet," said he, "there is a place for them, and work for them, and hope; for in the general economy of God's government, the most unpromising materials are made to subserve the most important purposes, the most unlikely instruments perform the noblest work. 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.'"

This train of thought naturally led us to consider the character and uses of what are popularly denominated "crooked sticks,"—who, fortunately or unfortunately, abound in all our churches. We are prompted to give expression to our reflections on the subject, by the settled conviction that the members of the class referred to are not ordinarily treated with as much of fraternal forbearance as they are fairly entitled to receive.

For our own part, the longer we live, the more kindly we judge, and the more tenderly we handle, "crooked sticks." Our readers may think it attributable to a "fellow feeling," but we think it owing to juster views of the characters in question. There was a time when, in the exuberance of our youthful zeal, we emulated the spirit of the indignant servants in the parable of the Tares, and were disposed to root them out, and cry, "Away with them to the burning!" But we have long since learned that many of these "crooked sticks," after all, are "rooted and grounded in love," and that underneath the rough bark of a repulsive character, there is the real sap of spiritual life. That gruff, glum,

coarse, crom, contrary, and apparently utterly unlovely professor of religion, after all, perhaps, is a real Christian. Many men are worse than they seem, while many men are better. Just as there are wolves in sheep's clothing, so there are sheep in outward seeming very much resembling wolves. To seem and to be are very different things. There is often ice on the surface, while, away down beneath it, is a stream of living water; or, to use another figure, quite as readily comprehended in these days of speculation, there may be little show of anything of value on the surface of the soil, yet a moderate expenditure in boring and pumping will develop inexhaustible resources.

Thus have we sometimes succeeded in breaking through the ice, and have discovered a well-spring of life; or the Lord by some searching process, it may be by some fiery trial, has pierced the superficial rocky stratum of a character so unlovely that we have been almost disposed to deliver over its possessor to Satan "for the destruction of the flesh," and then, such hidden treasures of grace have been brought to light, as have made us profoundly ashamed of our former hasty and uncharitable judgment.

We are none of us sufficiently disposed to consider the peculiar circumstances that may have contributed to warp the character and give the stick its unsightly crook. As a friend of ours once said, "There are some sticks in the Lord's forest that have a natural crook." Let us not quarrel with nature, or with God's allotments, if indeed "God hath made them so." If it be said that the question is not what man is by nature, but what he ought to be when grace has touched and transformed him, we reply, there are some things that even the grace of God is not to be expected to do for a man. One of them is, as somebody has well said, to give him common sense. Another is to eradicate entirely his natural taste and temperament. Whether sanguine or desponding, taciturn or talkative, reserved or confiding, yielding or tenacious, before his conversion, the man, to some extent, will be so afterwards. The tendency of grace, it is true, is to modify these natural traits, especially to soften down asperities, and give to the whole character symmetrical and beautiful development; but never till the "earthen vessel" has been broken on the wheel of death, and moulded over by the "Potter's" skill into a form of celestial loveliness, will the old characteristics entirely disappear. Those who are naturally genial, and gentle, and tractable, know little of the fiery trials through which many of God's own dear children have had to pass.

While it is true that many have thus a *natural* crook, it is also true that many have got a crook in the course of their development. Could you know all the circumstances of that man's condition, or all the events of his history, it is more than probable that your indignation would be changed to pity. Instead of wondering that he "crooked" so much, you would be astonished that he "crooked" no more. You would as little think of being provoked on account of his ugly crook, as on account of his gray hairs, or a curvature of his spine. While we would not, in our anxiety to apologize for the class of Christians of whom we have been speaking, relieve them of moral responsibility, or acquit them entirely of blame, we insist that they shall not be put beyond the pale of fraternal fellowship and sympathy, and that we exhibit in our treatment of them that "charity that suffereth long and is kind; that hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things;" and especially that "is not easily provoked."

A great and good man once said, "I have learned by domestic experience, that genuine religious principle may co-exist in the same bosom with much that is unlovely in natural disposition. My wife is a really Christian woman, and I am satisfied from what I know of *her* that the grace of God may be engrafted even on a crab-tree."

Let us remember, too, that there may be uses even for a crooked stick. Instead

of avoiding him, therefore, because he is crooked, he should be kindly regarded, and put in position. Perhaps he may yet be straightened. Perhaps there is some useful place to which his very crook makes him exactly fitted.

Some of the most valuable church members of our acquaintance are of this description. We lately heard a celebrated reformer assert that all the bones in the foreleg of the horse were crooked but two, and that these two were not set straight. "And," said he, "if this were not the case, the horse could never go." It is equally true of many of our churches, that their positive, progressive, aggressive power, as well as their proper conservative restraints, depend upon the crooked sticks that are in them.

Let us exercise towards them a generous forbearance, while we make the most of their capacity for usefulness. Considering our own very manifold defects of character, let us learn to be charitable towards our brethren. Let us "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

---

## THE FIRST EVENING HYMN.

History and piety have to regret that we have so few relics of the hymns which, as we know, both from Scripture and the celebrated Epistle of Pliny, were used in the worship of the early Christians. We should have liked to know what those simple strains were which arose at day-break and at eventide from the coverts of the hills and woods when they "sang hymns to Christ as God." And Christian mothers would have eagerly learned the lullaby by which was nurtured the "unfeigned faith" of Timothy. But the only extant hymns which can claim this apostolic antiquity are three in number. One is well known by the name of *Clement*. The other two are called, in the Apostolic Constitutions, the *Morning Hymn* and *Evening Hymn*. The former of these was translated into Latin by Hilary, and hence appears in the Book of Common Prayer, as well as in the fine German version—"Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr'." But the *Evening Hymn*, though not inferior to the other in its simple beauty, is now used only in the ritual of the Greek Church. The only English version which we have found in actual use, is contained in a hymn-book employed by some of the followers of Edward Irving. The original (*φῶς Ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης*) is attributed by Rambach to the third if not an earlier century. It may have been softly sung by Syrian peasants while the sun went swiftly down in the Great Sea. It may have rushed to the lips of an Egyptian hermit as he gazed over the desert at the crimson glow beyond. But its few and simple lines may yet serve for an evensong in the calmer beauty of an English sunset in the land of Keble and of Ken.

"Thou cheering light, of His pure glory shed,
Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest!
Our Saviour, ere the hours of day have fled,
We ask Thy blessing on our time of rest.
Thus, gazing on the fading evening light,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost we sing;
So at all seasons is it ever right
For holy hearts their constant praise to bring.
Thou Son of God, Thou Giver of Life, to thee
And thine shall evermore the glory be!"

# Poetry.

## THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares,
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence,—awful, sweet, and calm,—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream:
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream!

# Reviews.

*A Hand-Book on Christian Baptism.* By R. Ingham. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

We are not perfectly clear as to the meaning of the word "Hand-book," a not very elegant or needful importation from the German, too new to have yet found a place in English dictionaries. But if, as we suppose, it is a synonyme for "Manual," and if, as Webster tells us, a manual is "a small book, such as may be carried in the hand, or conveniently handled," then never was the epithet more ludicrously misapplied than in the title of the volume before us. Why, this "Hand-book" is a portly, almost plethoric, octavo of six hundred and forty pages, which a man must have uncommonly strong fingers to hold conveniently in his hand while reading it! We shall have a pocket edition of the poets in quarto next! And even this big book only deals with half the subject,—discusses only the mode of baptism, leaving the subjects to be handled in a second book, which, if proportion is to be kept with the relative importance of the topics, will be bigger still. Now, we are as zealous Baptists as any of our brethren, but we cannot rid ourselves of the feeling that this is rather over-doing the thing. With the works we already possess on the subject, there was scarcely need for so elaborate a re-statement of the arguments for immersion, and re-demolition of those alleged for the opposite practice. And we fear that in this busy time, when men are apt to prize books rather for their brevity than their bulk, the very size of the volume will frighten readers away. Those who seek an elaborate vindication of Baptist sentiments will prefer to have recourse to Carson; and those who look for a more compendious treatise will take up Mr. Pengilly's little book, which Mr. Ingham so justly praises, and which we should like to see reprinted in as cheap a form as possible.

And yet the book is, in many respects, a very good one. It is thorough and exhaustive, careful in its statements, and Christian in its spirit. We need not say that its reasoning carries our convictions entirely with it,—that will be taken for granted by every reader. We could have dispensed with the long array of quotations, not always very pertinent, with which the author has headed each section of his work, and which swell the dimensions, without adding much to the worth, of the book. We wish Mr. Ingham had eschewed the unsightly and useless practice of printing Greek words in English characters. And we think he has spent a good deal of superfluous powder and shot on some "objections" which would have been better dealt with more summarily. But he has given us a very cyclopædia of arguments on the subject, a magazine at which many a champion may furnish himself with effectual weapons for this controversy. And one advantage of his book over Dr. Carson's for this purpose is, that its contents are more regularly classified, and, therefore, more readily available. Mr. Ingham is a respected member of the General Baptist body, and his book is creditable alike to the extent of his research, the clearness of his judgment, and the catholicity of his spirit.

We must confess, however, to a conviction that it is time to move the lists in this controversy,—to have done with elaborate philological and exegetical vindications of baptism by immersion. True scholarship is well-nigh unanimous in its acknowledgment that to baptize means primarily to immerse; and candid Biblical exposition is for the most part ready to confess that this was the primitive mode of administering the ordinance. Far more germane to the present phase of the question would be an earnest protest against the notion of power in the church to alter or modify the form of the rite; to distinguish and decide between what is essential, and what is merely incidental, in respect to an ordinance of Christ. It is on this ground that sprinkling is defended by

Anglican divines, and by continental theologians. And our Pædobaptist fellow-dissenters are coming fast to a diluted and modified form of the same theory. It is here that the warfare will have to be waged; and not the least powerful reason in our esteem for holding fast our principles as Baptists is, that those principles form a practical protest against the profane meddling of human authority with an institution of Him who is sole and supreme Head of his church.

With the abatements which we have felt constrained to make on general grounds, we have pleasure in cordially commending this book to those who desire a full, fair, and clear presentation of the argument for our denominational practice with respect to the mode of baptism.

---

*The Divine Footsteps in Human History.* William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1862.

*Subsequent Corroborations of the Law of History:* Propounded in a work entitled "The Divine Footsteps in Human History." By the author of that work. Blackwoods, 1865.

THE acute and accomplished writer of the above volume, and of the accompanying pamphlet, has persuaded himself, by much study of history, that great events are so arranged by Divine Providence as to recur at equal intervals of years. History presents a number of central periods: the circles described from which, at varying distances, will show at each end of their respective diameters, signal correspondent occurrences. A system of circles, drawn from any of these centres, gives an illustration of Ezekiel's "wheel within a wheel." Thus, taking the year 1818 as a point of departure, we find that the three great "overturnings" of modern European history preceded it by intervals of 46 years, 43 years, and 30 years, respectively. That is, the first partition of Poland took place in 1772–3; the disruption of the union between Britain and America in 1775–6; and the French Revolution in 1788–9. According to our author's theory, the balancing events to complete the "wheel" are to be looked for at the distance of 30, 43, and 46 years after 1818, or in 1848, 1861, and 1864. What, then, do we find? In 1864, "the first partition of Poland" is consummated by its entire overthrow; in 1861, "the disruption of the union between England and America" eventuates in a disruption between the States themselves; while in 1848 "the first French Revolution" is balanced by the last. Each great catastrophe, therefore, has a corresponding event at the same distance from the central year.

But why should 1818 be chosen as a centre? One answer is, that on the 7th of July, 1818, was displayed "the first corporate incarnation in modern times of the spirit of Christianity as an influence producing ecclesiastical union." Here, then, may be discerned "the dawn of a new era of spiritual influence," which, by its exercise, may be expected to "occasion the overturn of every kind of human thraldom." What, then, was this great event? Our author replies, the ecclesiastical union, in Ireland, of two sections of the dissident Presbyterian church; followed, in 1820, by a similar union in Scotland. Henceforth, then, let the letters U.P., DO less than the letters A.D., mark the epochs of the world!

The above illustration sets forth the application of our author's view upon a small scale. For its extension to the more distant events of history, and especially for the light which he conceives it to throw upon Ezekiel's vision of the temple, we must refer the curious reader to the work itself. It contains, at any rate, some striking historical parallels, and brings out very vividly the indications of a steady progress towards light and freedom, which the long story of the world presents. In the chronological discussions, however, his dates seem often arbitrarily selected, while we find it difficult to believe that the Divine thoughts are regulated by the conditions of Time. One period of fifteen years may be, in the laws of Providence, of immeasurably greater significance than another, and may, therefore, fill a far larger space in the counsels of the Most High. The application of the rule and compasses, therefore, however ingeniously done, appears to us very inappropriate work. To this we may add, that we find it difficult to understand how any observer, largely acquainted with the history of Christianity in all ages, can lay such enor-

mous stress upon the movements of the Scottish Presbyterian churches. In painting a picture, the details of the foreground are all-important; but in a mathematical plan, every part should have its actual proportions.

Should a second edition of the work be called for, we would suggest to the author that a diagram, marked with his leading dates, would greatly facilitate the reader in the due examination of his theory.

---

# Christian Cabinet.

## A BACKSLIDER RE-CONVERTED.

One of the most effective working Christians that I can lay my hand on was one of the most perfectly useless men among us four years ago. He was then a mere camp-follower of the church; to-day he is in the fore-front of the battle. What is the secret of the change? *He has been re-converted.* During those dreary months of idleness and indifference (when he once grew angry at being called on to pray) he was a backsliding Christian—barely breathing, but still alive. He was led of Providence to the dying chamber of a friend, and in that solemn, glorious spot—"under the very eaves" of heaven—the Holy Spirit came to him, and re-converted him to Christ.

But what is re-conversion? Is it a second regeneration? No; by no means. The Scriptures give no hint of a second, or a third, or a fourth new birth of the soul. Regeneration is a radical change of heart—the implantation of a new principle, a holy disposition, in the man. The Bible does not tell us of a single person who was regenerated a second time. Nor do we recognize any such cases in our own observation. What, then, is re-conversion?

It is simply the *return to God and to duty of a backsliding believer.* Of such cases the Bible gives us one most striking and conspicuous example.

You will find him if you look in the high-priest's hall on a certain evening before our Saviour's crucifixion. He is sitting by the fire. A group of Christ's enemies are around him. During that very day, his Master had said to him, "When thou art *converted*, strengthen thy brethren." He must have been startled by these words; for he was already a converted man, already a disciple of Jesus.

Sitting by the fire, and perhaps revolving the startling words in his mind, the assault comes suddenly upon him from an unexpected quarter. A garrulous servant-maid, spying him out, sneers contemptuously, "*Thou* wast also with Jesus of Galilee." Now is the time for Peter to stand up for Jesus. Alas! with craven tone—the lie sticking in his throat—he stammers out, "I know not what thou sayest." Presently he goes out into the porch, and there Satan, the sifter, sifts him again. For there, another loitering girl sets the hooting rabble upon him by exclaiming, "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." The mob chime in, and shout, "Surely, thou art also one of them; thy *brogue* betrayeth thee." This is more than the poor, hounded, irritated backslider can bear; and, with a cowardly oath, he flings back the galling taunt in those awful words, "*I know not the man!*"

Do you doubt that Peter is a backslider now? Do you doubt that he needs a re-conversion? Had he been a Judas, he might have ended that disgraceful night with the rope of a suicide. He is certainly close to the verge of apostacy. What can save him from deserting to the side of Pilate and the persecutors of Jesus?

One thing, and only one thing, *Christ had not given him up.* Christ had "prayed for him, that his faith should fail not." The difference between a bent tree and a broken tree is, that one springs back to its place when the pressure is removed, but the other never rises from the dust. Peter's was a bent faith—not a broken faith. He was a shameful backslider, and yet he was a Christian. For no sooner does the cock-crow smite upon his startled ear, than in an instant his cowed and overborne

loyalty to his beloved Master leaps up and asserts its presence by an honest outgush of manly tears. He steals out into the garden, under Christ's rebuking *look*, and weeps bitterly. He steals away from the judgment-hall, not to give up his Saviour and his hope, but to be *re-converted*. To repent afresh, to believe afresh, to give afresh his heart to Jesus. He comes back from that garden a humbler, a wiser, and a stronger man. He comes back better fitted to sympathize with the tempted, better fitted to warn the presumptuous, better fitted to "strengthen the brethren." His temporary fall taught him a lesson that was burnt into his very soul as by fire. I doubt whether the word "backslider" was ever written after the name of Peter again, clear on to the hour of his heroic martyrdom.

The process through which Peter passed in the high-priest's garden was a genuine re-conversion. Conversion is a turning to God. It is attended by repentance of sin, abandonment of sin, and faith in Jesus Christ. Now, as conversion is made up of penitence, faith, and new obedience to God, so Peter's recovery was, in a strict logical sense, a re-conversion. It was a turning back to Christ; and it differed from a first conversion in only two things—viz.: the point set out from was a different point, and the distance travelled over was vastly less.

Who the readers of this brief article may be, I do not know; but I venture to say that it will be read by some thousands who sadly need a re-conversion. In the nominal church of Christ are multitudes who were never converted. Their first duty is to seek Jesus, and at once. Another large class came into the church with a very shallow spiritual experience. Having "no depth of root," they have done nothing but wither ever since they were enrolled on a church-record.

I am not writing of either of these classes now; but of genuine converts who have shamefully backslidden. Where is the church that has not its hospital filled with these *self*-made invalids, or these spiritual cripples who have maimed themselves by falls into sin, or by skulkers who have bandaged themselves with excuses and hid away from the call "to arms"? Fully *one-half* on many a church-roll are ineffectives! Of these, the guiltiest class are the backsliders. They once tasted of the love of Jesus; they have been plucked by him out of the jaws of hell; their betrayal of their Saviour is peculiarly flagrant.

Call their sin what you choose; it is a crime! Our Methodist brethren would say that they have "fallen from grace." A Calvinist would call it a "spiritual declension." But their wounded and indignant Lord says to them, "I know whence ye have fallen. Ye have left your first love. Repent, and do your first works!"

---

## A JEWEL FOR THE KING'S CROWN.

I HAD a day-dream concerning a great king preparing for his coronation. And he sent over all the land to gather gems to adorn his crown. He gathered them from palace and cottage, from rich and poor. Loyal subjects of every grade made proof of their devotion by unlocking their caskets and contributing some precious stone. I followed the king's messenger, as he went from house to house, gathering here and there such jewels as might befit the royal crown. At length he entered one house, and, craving admission, I accompanied him in. "Have ye any jewels here for the king's crown?" said he. "We have but one in all the house," replied the matron. It hung sparkling on her bosom, beautiful in the sunbeams. The messenger gazed upon it, and I could see tears welling up into his eyes, as if he were about to perform a sad errand. "The king, thy master, desires this precious stone to adorn his crown," he said. "But," replied the matron, "it is my only one, and the king himself gave it to me, and now will he take back his own gift?" "I see," said the messenger, looking intently at the gem, "that it will make a bright stone to be set as the centre of a cluster in the crown; yet, if thou refusest, I will go hence and seek a jewel elsewhere." The matron bade the messenger sit down, and retired alone to her chamber, took the gem from her bosom, and, as her tears fell upon it, I could not but wish that one of them would crystallize and make a tribute for the coronation.

Long time she held the jewel in her hand, and wept as she gazed upon it. At last her face lighted up, as if some great soul-victory had transpired in her breast, and she arose and laid the gem in the hand of the messenger, and said, "There, I bid thee take it to my master as my offering of loving loyalty."

I had another day-dream, and saw a great assemblage gathered to witness the crowning of a king. Princes and nobles from all the land were there; and choirs of beautiful singers, all clad in white raiment, made sweet music; and in one part of the coronation-temple were a great company gathered by themselves and clothed in peculiar attire. These were they who had given their precious gems to adorn the royal crown, and, looking among them, my eye fell at last upon the matron who had given her only gem; and when the king entered with grand procession, I could see that she seemed to forget all else and gazed steadfastly on the crown. "Ah," said I, "she is looking for her jewel;" and presently I could see her countenance kindle with joy, for the king fixed his eyes intently on hers, lifted his hand to his head, and put his finger upon one little gem in the midst of a cluster, as if he would say, "This is thy tribute." And, approaching the matron, I asked her, "Wouldst thou have thy jewel back here upon thy bosom?" "Nay," said she, "let it shine where the king has placed it; it is more beautiful in a cluster than alone, and what is my bosom as a home for it, compared to the diadem of my lord and master?"

Somebody's eyes that see this faint etching will recognize familiar lines. It was a sad transition. I entered a house the other day to take my first look at an only child. The ruby cheeks and the laughing eyes looked not like harbingers of the destroyer's footsteps. A week only had elapsed and I took up the daily paper, and read the record, strange to most eyes that fell upon it, but which started the tears into mine: "Died, suddenly, Willie, infant child of ——— and ———."

A little story of a great woe. How solitary a house is without a child in it, especially if its walls have ever echoed with its prattle. I had seen that little, round face photographed, and it seemed to me that the sunbeams might be glad to paint such beauty. Now, all faded. An opening flower, and then a blighting frost. "It is hard," said the father, "to think that we shall never see little Willie again." Oh, how the fogs of sense and time obstruct the soul's sweet vision! "My friend," I said to him, "was it not the soul that informed that little face with beauty? So, then, the form is decaying, but the hues that painted it are immortal. The angel may remove the gem to a more royal setting, may give it a home in the diadem of a king instead of a poor mortal bosom, heaving up and down with sorrow; but the angel can destroy it never." And this is my word of loving counsel to these weepers over their first-born. Let the King have your little jewel, if only you may go up to the coronation and see it sparkling in his crown.

---

## NOT IN VAIN.

THERE are a great many persons who are discouraged because the labours that they have most honestly put forth for the good of men seem to have been utter failures.

Some of our labours are failures. It is not to be supposed that we are such deft marksmen that we can strike the mark every time.

But do not think that you have failed simply because you do not see the result of your work.

Men are like apple-trees. Some apple-trees ripen their fruit in July; while the fruit of other trees goes on growing, and growing, and growing, through August and September; and in October the farmer picks it off; and then it is green and hard; and he keeps it through November, and December, and January, and into February, when the snow is knee-deep, and the tree has lost its leaves, before it is thoroughly ripe. And many of you are just like these late-bearing trees. You are bearing good fruit, but it will not be ripe till you have shed your leaves and gone into your winter.

So, be patient.

There are thousands of men who labour without any apparent fruit, but whose lives are, nevertheless, very fruitful. I refer to missionaries, humble pastors, and self-denying teachers, who labour among poor and ignorant men in obscure places, whose outgoing and

incoming are not chronicled in the papers, who are not praised, and who really do not see, after a year spent in faithful efforts to spread the Gospel, that they have done much. There are ministers whose shoes' latchets many of us are not worthy to unloose—men that royally give their lives with patience and grandeur, in obscurity, and without the remuneration either of praise or present prosperity, and that die sadly, saying: "It seems as though my life had been in vain."

O faint heart! God will show you another picture when you stand in Zion and before him. Your life has not been in vain. You have sown seeds in thousands of hearts that will come up in due time. You have not laboured for nought. God is covering in the various seeds that you have sown, and watering them with your tears, and there will be a precious harvest even on earth, while in heaven you will come with your bosom full of sheaves.

And to all discouraged labourers in the vineyard of the Lord who are really working with faith and zeal, I say, "Be of good comfort."

If there was ever a man who seemed to spend his life for nothing, it was Henry Martyn—a man of an exquisite nature, great power, and a sweet and loving disposition. Taking the highest honours at the university, and having the best prospects in the church, he was led by the Spirit of God to consecrate himself to the cause of foreign missions. For that object he sacrificed that which was dearer to him than life—for she to whom he was affianced declined to go with him. He forsook father, and mother, and native land, and love itself, and went, an elegant and accomplished scholar, among the Persians, the Orientals, and spent a few years almost without an apparent conversion.

Still he laboured on, patient and faithful, until, seized with a fever, he staggered.

And the last record that he made in his journal was, that he sat under the orchard trees and sighed for that land where there should be sickness and suffering no more.

The record closed, he died, and a stranger marked his grave.

A worldly man would say, "Here was an instance of mistaken zeal and enthusiasm; here was a man that might have produced a powerful effect on the church and in his own country, and built up a happy home, and been respected and honoured; but, under the influence of a strange fanaticism, he went abroad, and sickened, and died, and that was the last of him."

The last of him!

Henry Martyn's life was the seed-life of more noble souls, perhaps, than the life of any other man that ever lived. Scores and scores of ministers in England and America, who have brought into the church hundreds and thousands of souls, and multitudes of men in heathen lands, all over the world, have derived inspiration and courage from the eminently fruitful, but apparently wasted and utterly thrown away life of Henry Martyn. And are there not some of you that are despondng because you do not see the fruit of your labours, who will receive consolation from, and be revived by, such an instance as this?

---

# Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

## KITTY'S REBELLION.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

One sultry summer's afternoon, some seventeen years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of the cool lemonade which stood on the table.

"*Please*, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty tan't say pease," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "pease" a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything that she was told. She quite revelled in conversational powers for a year and a half old. For the first time in her short life had she taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down untasted, and the child ran back to her door-step as thirsty as

before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came pattering back, and the thirsty red lips were put up again for a drink.

"Kitty say please."

"Tan't say pease." So the baby went away thirsty again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps a dozen times in the course of the afternoon; at first playfully, as it seemed, but as the wee rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst rather than say "please," it became a rather serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Kitty ran to her high chair.

"Mamma, lift Kitty up!"

"*Please*, mamma, lift Kitty," said the mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head—muttered "tan't say pease," and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table, but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with hunger and thirst? The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little one knew that one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue—Should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day; but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world. So she took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly and seriously her naughty behaviour. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but, after it all, Kitty could not say "pease" any better than before. At length, distressed and tired out, and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young culprit, playfully; nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the fatal *please* came along; that she couldn't do. Year and a half understood very well that to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her that he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never thought of in the same breath before. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much determination was latent in that soft little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained stout-hearted, and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All through the warm night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only sob, "Tan't say pease," when the water came near. For the father and mother, that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than give up.

"Oh, pshaw! never mind the please; let her drink," many a father would have said. "Poor little thing; I must let the minding go till another time," many mothers would have thought, but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it so. If it was like death for a will to yield after eighteen months' growth, what would it be after months and years of indulgence? God had committed to them this soul of his creating, to be trained for himself; if she could not be made to obey her father whom she had seen, how should she become obedient to her Father in heaven whom she had not seen? The very fact that her will was so strong made it the more imperative to their minds that it should be brought under the control of her conscience; they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle was protracted, the more likely it seemed that the result would be a final one, and the more important that it should be right. Then, the other children, who had been watching this new phase of family history with a kind of solemn dread—should they learn that the authority they had been taught to revere, could, after all, be trodden under the feet of a baby? It would not do. It had been

clearly explained to the little one that it was her heavenly Father's command that she should obey her parents, and that she was resisting his will; that father and mother felt that they had no right to annul his law. So the night wore away, and the morning broke; but it brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverseness of its young rebel. She woke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will, indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrined in a dainty delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world! Terrible agent of evil! Glorious worker of good! Kingliest power in creation!—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Kitty's will. So they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side of the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied the adjoining house, having learned the state of things from the children, came to plead for her. She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing her child; that it was downright cruelty to treat her so; that if *she* had a little girl, she would not let her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on a sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat, and thirst, and excitement would really be the death of her poor dear naughty little darling. She tried to think of some compromise by which Kitty could be relieved without sacrifice of parental government. At last she quietly placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug, and press her hot little hands against its cool sides, and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips, then suddenly she set it down with a piteous look, and went away moaning. It was a cruel battle between desire and honour for such a little heart. Again and again the little creature would look wistfully into the mug full of white milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not slink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made it clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether she was risking too much. He advised her to "go forward; the little thing couldn't hold out much longer." Moreover the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It was a great treat for any of the children to ride with him, and one which Kitty had never yet enjoyed; so that when he proposed to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run and ask your mother to please put on your hat, then;" said the doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she had lost all desire to go if there was a "please" to it. So that expedient failed.

It was getting towards noon; nearly twenty-four hours since Kitty had tasted either food or drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, disconsolate little object, often crying, but obstinate as ever. Almost heart-broken to see her so, the mother took her in her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how wretched her wilfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with strong crying and tears implored that blessed Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly baby threw her arms around her neck, and burst out:

"*Pease, pease, pease, pease, pease!*"

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room where she sprang into her father's arms, crying, "Pease, pease, pease!" as if she never would be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say please. She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood around laughing

and crying, to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to do it. The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this, Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "*broken*"—that is an ugly phrase—it is a good strong will yet; it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them was to disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending. As time went on, they found, to their thankful surprise, reason to believe that she had understood it so well that in yielding to them at last she had also submitted herself to him. Maturer years and new experience deepened and developed her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary for Kitty to be converted after she was a year and a half old. It appeared that the Redeemer had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and ended that long contest, by changing the heart of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending his Spirit into it, crying, Abba, Father!

Ah, these crises in child-hearts mean more than we think! Eternal issues are pending when we little dream of it!

---

# Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

## THE DOOR OF HEAVEN.

It was a fearful time when the steamboat "Tyro" was lost. It was long ago, and almost everyone has forgotten it, except the few who had friends on it, and they are almost all gone. The "Tyro" was a small boat, and the passengers were few and poor, so that it has passed from the public mind. All the day the bright sun had shone down on the peaceful lake, and everything seemed safe and secure. The passengers had no thought of danger as the night came on.

A little boy kneeled down to say his evening prayers, and as he looked out and saw the western sky all aglow with the glory of the spring day, he asked, "Mamma, isn't that the door of heaven, with bright curtains all around it?"

"Yes, my boy," said the mother; "heaven's doors are all around us."

"Well, that is the one that I want to go in at, because it is the prettiest;" and the child prayed his prayer and went to sleep.

It was never known how, whether the pilot fell asleep at his post, or the lights went out; but when midnight came, there was a crash, a shiver, and cries of terror. The steamer had come into collision with a schooner, and was sinking.

The little boy awoke. He cried, "Mamma, where are you?" and his mother's arms held him fast, even while they sank together into the dark waters.

They came to the surface, and the mother caught something floating, and held fast to it.

"Jamie! Jamie!" she said, "hold me very tight."

"Mamma, are we going to heaven? I don't like this way—I'm afraid."

"Never fear, child, God will meet you." And with all her strength the mother lifted the child upon the floating bale, then dropped it, and went home through the floodgates below.

"Mamma! mamma! where are you?" cried Jamie; but there came no answer. No one noticed the child afloat, for everyone sought to save his own life; and the day was born, ran its race, and was dying again, when Jamie floated on shore. The little fellow was hungry, very hungry, but there again was the glorious golden gate of heaven, and Jamie thought it was wider open than the night before; and as soon as he could crawl off from the bale to the land, he began to run as fast as he could, straight towards the west.

Jamie's feet tottered. He found he was too weak to run, so he walked straight on, a long, long way, until the west began to grow dim in his sight.

Jamie saw a man coming towards

him, but he did not stop. The man noticed that the child's clothes were wet, that he had been in the water, and tried to stay him.

"Little boy, where are you going?"

"I can't stop now," said Jamie; "I'm afraid I shall be too late."

"Too late! where are you going that way? There is no house there," the man cried after him, for Jamie did not stop an instant.

"*Yes, there is*," said Jamie, "and I'm afraid the door will be shut."

"Whose house, boy?"

"Why, God's beautiful house, to be sure. Don't you know it? See! it grows dark;" and Jamie made one more effort, and fell to the ground, fainting with hunger.

The man lifted him up in his arms, and Jamie lisped, "Mamma said God would come to meet me;" and then he fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself in a strange place, with strangers about him.

"Come, my darling, you must eat some of this," said a soft voice, and the light of the candle was carefully shaded from Jamie's eyes.

Jamie's last thought was of heaven, and his first question was, "Did I get there? Did *He* meet me?"

And a little girl standing by the bed answered, "Yes, little boy, father met you and brought you home."

"God's your father too, is he?" asked Jamie, not yet fully conscious of his present state; "then we will both go home together."

Jamie recovered and grew to manhood—grew to a good and glorious manhood; and, to the time when his Redeemer called him home, Jamie never forgot the western door for which he had striven. He never looked upon the gorgeous, purple, golden, and crimson glory of the sunset, without hearing again, in his mind, the words of his mother, "Yes, my boy, heaven's doors are all about us." And Jamie's wish was granted him. One night the shining light came through the parted curtains, and Jamie went home with the day; and Jesus met him, for he loved him—Jesus, who long years before had gone down to the dark floodgates below to meet Jamie's mother—Jesus, who always watches and waits to hear the coming feet of those who seek the gates of heaven.

## AN INSTANCE OF USEFULNESS.

A young man who was a clerk in a mercantile house was sent to a considerable distance to settle some business. He was shown into a room, and requested to wait. He had not sat many minutes when he heard a light step patting up and down the hall, and presently the door was opened gently, and a pretty rosy-faced child peeped in. Her confidence was gained by a smile and a familiar nod, when she advanced and smiled too, and hung her head on one side, with infant bashfulness. Her appearance was lovely, long natural curls hanging round her neck. Now in this young man's heart "was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel" (1 Kings xiv. 13); and it is impossible to read the narrative and not perceive that the inner life—the life of God in the soul—was the principle prompting to action. Where this is, there exists a Christian equanimity equally remote from puerile levity on the one hand, and morose repulsiveness on the other. Instead of amusing the child with a ridiculous nursery rhyme and ditty, he improved the opportunity for infusing into her mind divine truth. He told her of Jesus, of whom she knew nothing—the family being mere worldlings; spoke of his love for children, and that he took them in his arms and blessed them; that he died to save them from sin, and to make them happy in this world and for ever happy in heaven. He then taught her to repeat the beautiful record of her Saviour's love,—"And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Also some verses of a hymn composed by a pious Indian, with which she was much delighted. They are as follow:—

"I'm glad I ever saw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory;
When first I learned to sing and pray,
Of glory, glory, glory.

"'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing
Of glory, glory, glory;
And praise my Saviour and my King,
Like those who dwell in glory."

This interview with the child was broken off by the entrance of her father, for whom the young man had been long waiting. The business about which they were engaged was not concluded, and it appears that he had to

call several times about it. On one occasion he had not been seated many seconds when the child came running in, and with eager tones repeated the passage of Scripture which he had taught her, and the verses. He was no less gratified than the dear child, and silently prayed that the truth might be sealed by the Holy Spirit. He gave her a small book of hymns for children. After some weeks he came again. Her father was from home, and it devolved on the mother to see him. She acknowledged his attention to her child, and told him that she sought every opportunity for having the hymns read, and took great pleasure in repeating the Scripture and the verses. Some six months passed away before he called again. He was asked into the sitting-room, when the servant intimated to him that she was not sure that the lady could see him. He had sat some time, when the child's mother came, and on entering the room burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, sir, my child!" He turned pale when she informed him that she was not likely to live, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, gave full vent to her grief. Recovering from her emotion, she said, "Will you see her?" He motioned to her that he would, for he was so grieved he could not speak. As he approached the room, the door being open to admit the air, he saw the child sitting up, her beautiful hair tossed about her neck, her face red and burning with fever. In wild, delirious tones she sang—

"'Tis glory's foretaste makes me sing."—

She paused and repeated, "Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me." Then she lay down, and the young man approached, and as she opened her eyes and looked intently at him, he said, "Do you know me, my love?" In an excited manner she said, "Yes; you are the gentleman who taught me the pretty verses,—'I'm glad I ever saw the day;' and 'Jesus said'"—her voice failed, her eyes closed, her head sank heavily on his hand as he attempted to support it, and her arm fell powerless by her side. The spirit had fled to the bosom of that Saviour who has given to every bereaved parent the assurance that children are the especial objects of his saving love.

## THE PEARL OYSTER.

Far down in the deep waters, near the island of Ceylon, in the bright sand, lay a young pearl oyster. It was surrounded by a large family of brothers and sisters, and was as happy and joyous as an oyster could be. The beams of light came glancing down upon him from the upper world, just as bright as his eyes could bear. The dark waves rolled over his head, and beat upon the island with a thundering roar, but they never troubled him. Ships sometimes scudded across his vision under their storm-sails, but whether wrecked or safe gave him no anxiety. If the hungry fish came prowling round he nestled deeper in the sand, and was safe. So full of life was he that, had he had feet, he doubtless would have danced for joy. So he lived and grew the very pride of his family.

But one day he suddenly felt a sharp pain dart through him.

"O, what is that?" cried he; "I never felt anything like it! Has some young sword-fish stuck his sharp sword into me?"

"Alas! my child," said his mother, "I know well what it means. You have an incurable disease growing upon you. O that the angel of the waters would pity you and spare you!"

"Shall I feel it again, mother?"

"Yes, again and again. But you will learn to bear it, and the trouble will come upon you so gradually that you will learn to suffer."

From that day the poor oyster never had an hour free from pain. Gradually the pains came, yet with increasing power; but he soon learned to bear them, and even to smile and speak cheerfully. Tenderly the poor mother ministered to him and comforted him. But it was soon found that there was something growing near his heart that was very hard. It seemed like a small round stone at first, but it was covered up that nobody could see it. All the doctors, far and near, came and prescribed, and guessed what it was, but could afford no relief. It was noticed, too, that the angel of the waters came often and looked upon the poor sufferer, and every time he did so the pains increased. It seemed as if he wanted to increase them—as no doubt he did! Sometimes he would touch him with

his finger, sometimes turn him over, and sometimes hint to the physician to give the very medicine that made the sufferings greater! Poor helpless one! there he lay, year after year, growing larger, and the lump near his heart growing larger and harder, and the pains ever increasing.

At last the poor oyster was worn out by pains, and died; and as he breathed his last, a pearl diver came down and seized him and put him into his little bag. Soon he shot up again to the world above the waters, and entered the boat that was waiting for him. And now they opened the shell, and, lo! all was explained! Within the shell was a magnificent pearl, bright as a silver rainbow. It was the largest ever found in those waters. Carefully they carried it away. And now it was known that it cost all these sufferings and agonies to make that pearl. The angel of the waters had made them all go into that pearl, and not an agony could have been less and have the jewel so perfect. It was carried at once to the crown jeweller, and now adorns the head of the queen. No other pearl can compare with it.

Oh, the wisdom, goodness, and mercy of God! He can take the pains and the agonies of the sick one, and work them all into jewels which will sparkle in the crown of Christ for ever! All our sorrows and sufferings, and our very tears, will thus become a part of his own glorious crown. We wonder often that the good, the meek, are made to suffer so long and so fearfully; but when we look upon the jewels which he thus makes up we shall cease to wonder. Not one pang or sorrow could be spared, and the jewels in his crown be what they are.

O sufferer on the bed of pain! I have told thee the simple story of the way our Lord makes pearls for the crowns of earthly monarchs; and in the same way he is fitting thee to be a glory in his own diadem. Patiently, patiently suffer his will, and thou wilt hereafter see that it was all to make thee more glorious in the eternal kingdom.—*Rev. John Todd.*

---

## IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

How often the true child of God has laboured and prayed for the salvation of some beloved object, and, as year after year has passed away, no answer has been vouchsafed! As Mr. Barnes has truly said, "God does not promise to give blessings *at once*. He promises only that he will do it; or will answer prayer. But he often causes his people long to wait. He tries their faith. He leaves them to persevere, for months or years, until they feel *entirely* their dependence on him; until they see that they can obtain the blessing in no other way, and until they are *prepared* for it."

Of the truth of these remarks, we have recently received striking evidence from the following facts. Mr. W——, a man of eminent piety and large benevolence, was the father of two sons. Both in early infancy had been solemnly consecrated to God, and both were trained with the same watchfulness and care. But, as is often seen in the same household, the one early manifested a spirit of love and obedience, while the other was rebellious and wilful. One early became a follower of Jesus, a bright ornament to the church and a blessing to the world, while the other continued to be a source of grief to his parents, and a scoffer at everything sacred and holy.

Long and earnest were the pleadings of the godly father that Daniel might be turned from the error of his ways. Sleep often departed from his eyelids, while he wrestled in prayer for his wayward son. But he lived on, often breaking through the restraints of law—drawing largely upon his father's means of support, and causing the keenest anguish in the pious hearts at home.

At length the father resolved that he would spend one whole night in prayer to God for his erring boy. With brokenness of heart and contrition of spirit, such as is well pleasing in His sight, he wrestled with Jehovah until, like Jacob, he prevailed, and a blessing rich and full was poured upon his own soul. At midnight he became calm as the still hour—his will wholly swallowed up in the will of his heavenly Father—and he said, "Do what thou wilt with my beloved son, *I will praise thee; for Thou doest all things well.* If he *will* walk in the ways of his own wicked heart, glorify thyself in disposing of him as seemeth to thee good." With his whole being filled with peace, such as none but the true

child of God has ever known, he sought his bed and found quiet rest.

With that holy confidence and peace still pervading his soul, he was prepared on the following day to meet his son, who unexpectedly arrived home.

It was the return of the repentant prodigal, whose language was, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight." "Through the boundless mercy of God, I trust I am forgiven through Christ. At twelve o'clock last night, father, I submitted to him. Can you forgive me for all the trouble I have brought upon you?"

Praying father or mother, be not discouraged, though the answer to your earnest petition be long delayed. Pray more earnestly—more perseveringly—more importunately. Prayer has not yet prepared your own heart to receive the blessing craved, or it would no longer be withheld.

It may be proper to add that the repentant son became a preacher of the everlasting Gospel.

---

### "MY CAPTAIN IS WOUNDED."

A NEGRO soldier who was wounded in the battle before Nashville, was found, as he was carried to the rear, to be crying. He was wounded in the head, and the blood was flowing freely, but the tears seemed to be flowing still faster. On approaching him, the gentleman said, "Why, my boy, what's the matter? Is your wound so painful that you have to cry?"

"Oh! no, sir," was the reply; "I'm not crying about that, but my captain is wounded, sir; I'm afraid my captain is killed;" and the tears mingling with his blood, coursed anew down his face at the thought of his captain's suffering, or perhaps his captain's death. He was wholly forgetful of self, in his concern for his captain.

What a lesson may be learned from this poor, untutored negro, of devotion to the Captain of our salvation, under whose banner we are enlisted, and who calls us to fight the good fight of faith! He commits his cause and his honour into our hands. We are jealous for our own honour; we are careful of our own feelings. But do we manifest like solicitude for the name of Jesus? He is often wounded in the house of his friends. He is wounded by their pride, wounded by their worldliness, wounded by their strifes and contentions. Oh, for this soldier's self-forgetfulness! Oh, for a tender, deep concern, when the great Captain of our salvation is thus wounded!

---

## A Page for the Young.

### THE LITTLE WHITE ANGEL.

SOME children stood in a group before the door of the school-house in one of our beautiful villages, one lovely summer evening.

They were all talking pleasantly together, from Kline, the son of the rich and proud Hofmeister, to little blue-eyed Carl, the only child of the poor baker.

It is very true that Kline wore a velvet jacket, richly embroidered, while Carl's coat was old, and his wooden shoes were rough enough in all conscience. But what of that? If they were good friends, what difference did that make, I should like to know? Wait till children become grown people, for pity's sake, before you expect them to measure each other's worth by what they possess or wear.

"The new schoolmaster, Meinheer Friedrich, comes to-morrow," said Otto. "I am so glad: I am weary of old Master Hoffman, with his crooked problems and hard lessons."

"So was I, truly," said Kline, who, although a good merry boy, hated his books as he did medicine.

"Ah, thou didst always like play better than work, my Kline," said Max, "and so do I. Meinheer Friedrich will be wise if he keeps thee and me apart during school-hours. But come—see which can get home first—one, two, three!" and away they all scampered, laughing and shouting as only schoolboys can.

The following day the boys were standing around the school-house, when the door opened, and Master Friedrich himself appeared, and cried, in a cheery, hearty voice:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

And now they entered and took their seats, and were quite still while the good master read a short chapter in the Book of books, and then reverently prayed that the dear Saviour would guide him in his teachings, and bless them, and send his Holy Spirit to watch over them all.

School began; the thumb-worn books were brought out; the lazy boys began to sigh and frown, and wish impatiently for the recess, and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented; when, as if by magic, they found themselves listening to the pleasant voice of Master Friedrich, and actually understanding their lessons—so clear and simple were his explanations; and the time for recess came, to their great astonishment, long before they had expected.

When the studies were over, the master drew from his desk a box, and whilst the children gathered around, he opened it, and drew out charming little white and pink sea-shells, pretty pictures, and many other beautiful things, which he gave to the children with loving words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little porcelain statue of an angel. She stood—so fair, so pure—with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her eyes uplifted, and the children gazed enchanted.

"Oh, the dear angel! the beautiful angel!" cried they all. "Wilt thou not give it to me, Master Friedrich?"

But the good master smiled and said: "The little angel is too lovely to be given to any boy who is not good and true of heart. We shall presently see who shall deserve her. He who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth, shall have the angel."

At this the children looked at each other, as if wondering what the good master might mean. But he said no more, and they went home thoughtfully.

The next day, after the lessons (which had now become so pleasant!) were finished, the children clustered around the master to show him what they had brought.

Some of the smaller ones had picked up sparkling stones on the road, and as they held them in the sun-light, were sure they must be something bright and precious.

Some had polished up a shilling till it shone like a little crown; one brought a watch-crystal which his father had given him, and which he considered a wonder of transparent brightness; and Kline, the rich Hofmeister's son, had brought a paste buckle, made to imitate diamonds, than which, in his opinion, nothing could be brighter.

All these things were placed on the master's desk, side by side. The shilling shone away famously; the pebbles and watch-crystal did their best; but Kline's buckle was the bravest of all.

"Ah, mine's the brightest!" shouted Kline, clapping his hands.

"But where is little Carl?" said Master Friedrich. "He ran out just now."

All eyes were turned to the door, when presently in rushed Carl, breathless. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a poor little snow-white dove. Some crimson drops upon the downy breast showed that it was wounded.

"Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor little white dove. Some cruel boys were tormenting it, and I caught it quickly and ran here. Oh, I fear it will die!"

Even as he spoke the dove's soft eyes grew filmy, it nestled closer in Carl's neck, then gave a faint cry, dropped its little head, and died.

Carl sank on his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the white dove's poor broken wing two tears, large and bright.

The master took the dead dove from his hands, and laid it tenderly down on the desk with the bright things, then raising Carl, he softly said, "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a tender, pitying heart."

The boys were silent for a moment, for they felt that the master had decided that Carl had rightly won the angel. Then Kline cried out:

"My master, thou didst not fairly explain to us. I pray thee give us another trial."

"Yes, dear master," said Max, "give us one more trial."

"What sayest thou, Carl?" said Master Friedrich.

"Yes, dear master," answered the generous boy.

The good master smiled thoughtfully, and his eyes rested for a moment lovingly upon Carl; then, glancing around, he said:

"He who brings me the loveliest thing on earth to-morrow shall have the angel."

The children clapped their hands and departed satisfied.

After school, the next day, Kline was the first to run up to Master Friedrich and lay upon his desk what he considered the loveliest thing in the whole world—his new soldier cap, with the long scarlet feather and bright gold tassel.

Max came next, and placed beside the cap a small silver watch, his last birthday gift, with a bright steel watch-chain attached. Otto brought a great picture-book, just sent him by his godmother. Rudolph, a tiny marble vase, richly sculptured; and so on, until a still more motley collection than before lay upon Master Friedrich's desk.

Then poor little Carl stepped modestly up and placed in the master's hand a pure lily.

The rich perfume filled the room, and bending over the flower, inhaling the delicious fragrance, the master softly said, "My children, the blessed Word of God says, 'Behold the lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' Carl has rightly chosen."

But murmurs arose; the children were not satisfied, and again they asked for another trial.

And, as before, good Master Friedrich inquired:—

"What sayest thou, Carl?" And he answered as before with generous haste, "Yes, dear master."

"Now, this is the last time," said the master, "and he who brings me the best thing on earth shall have the angel."

"The very best thing on earth is plum-cake," cried Kline, on the third day, as he walked up to the desk, bearing a large cake, richly frosted, with a wreath of sugar roses around the edge. This he placed triumphantly before the master, sure of the prize.

"Nay, thou art wrong this time, Kline," said Max. "I asked my father what was the very best thing on earth, and he gave me this golden guilder. The prize is surely mine."

"Ah, but my father said that the very best thing was a good glass of Rhenish wine," cried Otto, "and I have brought a bottle of it, thirty years old. The prize is surely mine."

So they went on till all had placed their offerings before the master.

"And thou, Carl," said he, "what hast thou brought which thou thinkest the best on earth?"

A crimson flush rose to the little boy's forehead, and, coming softly forward, he took from his breast a small, worn Testament, pressed it to his lips, and then reverently laid it down with the rest, as he said, in a low, sweet voice, "My mother, dear master, says that God's precious Testament is far beyond all earthly possessions."

"'Tis thine, my Carl," cried the master, snatching the boy to his breast. "The white angel is thine; for there is nothing in the wide world half so precious as the blessed words of Christ." And he placed the angel in the hands of the trembling boy.

Kline knit his brows, and gazed with anger and disappointment at little Carl; and the rest, seeing him do this, felt themselves aggrieved; but suddenly the cloud cleared from Kline's face, and rushing forward, he caught Carl in his arms, crying, "Forgive me, dear Carl; now I am right glad thou hast won the prize."

Ah, the blessed effect of a bright example! Quickly joining hands, the children danced joyfully around the little Carl, who stood in the midst, the white angel pressed to his heart—his hair falling in curls on his shoulders, and his eyes full of tears.

The good Master Friedrich also wept for joy, and prayed from the depth of his pure and simple heart that the Saviour would bless this lesson to the children's everlasting good. He had turned away, that none might perceive his tears.

But One in heaven saw them, Master Friedrich.

# Our Sunday Schools.

## THE MUSTARD SEED.

AN ADDRESS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"Another parable put he forth unto them, saying. The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."—*Matt.* xiii. 31, 32.

When I was a little boy, I could not make out this text at all. I had a garden of my own, and used often to sow mustard seed there; but it never grew to anything like a tree. Perhaps you will think I cut it down too soon: so I did, sometimes; but now and then I let it stay; and it grew and grew, till it was taller than the primroses—taller than the wall-flowers—taller than the rose-tree; but then it came out in little yellow flowers, and these turned to seeds, and then the plant soon died away. I was quite sure that *my* mustard seed could not be the "greatest among herbs." But by-and-by, when I came to read in books about the matter, I found that in the country where these words were spoken, the sun shines much brighter than in ours, and the air is clearer, and the soil is richer; so that it is quite true that *there* this little seed does often grow to be strong and high, like a tree, on whose branches the little birds can perch, and among whose broad thick leaves they build their nests.

You may be quite sure, dear children, that I was very glad to find out the meaning of the text. And let me say one word to you, elder scholars. Your companions may tell you that something in the Bible is not true. Do not heed them. Remember the mustard seed. Say to them, "You think it is not true, *because you do not understand it.* If you knew more, you would find out that it is not the Word of God, but yourselves, who have made the mistake."

The text, then, is a story, a true story, about the mustard seed growing to a tree. But that is not all. It is called a "parable." And what is a parable? A little girl once answered that question to me very nicely. She said, "It was a story with a meaning." You will all remember this, it is so short and plain. A parable is a story with a meaning. The story is about the growth of this seed of mustard. But the meaning—what is that? I must try to explain.

The seed means a *good thought.* The growing of the seed means that a great deal comes of good thoughts. They spread and spread, like the roots and branches of a tree, until many more thoughts, and words, and deeds, spring out of them. And sometimes one little thought which is good, and which God has sent, will grow until it has filled the world.

Some of you, my dear children, do not perhaps quite understand me yet. I will tell you, then, of two or three good thoughts, which God has put into the minds of good men, and show you how wonderfully and gloriously they have sprung up.

### *The First Thought.*

One Lord's day morning, nearly seventy years ago, the streets of the city of Gloucester were full of people going to the house of God. They were comfortably wrapped up in their great coats and cloaks, for it was winter, and as they walked along they listened with gladness to the music of the chiming bells that filled the air, and seemed to say to every one, "The day of God is come; put by your work, put by your play, and go up together unto the house of the Lord." One gentleman was walking by himself, his heart was sad, and yet he loved the Lord's day. What made him so sorrowful? My children, he was thinking of the little ones in the back streets, and dirty courts, and miserable homes of the city, who were never taught to love the day of God, or to worship their Father in heaven. He had seen a good many of these children in the week at wild and wicked play, and had been shocked to find them so idle and miserable. "But, oh, sir," a woman there had said to him, "it is a thousand times worse on Sundays!" This was true: and the good man knew that while so many were going to the house of prayer those back streets were filled with the quarrelling and cursing of little children all the day long. No wonder that his face was sorrowful and his heart sad. But in a little while I

seem to see him look up cheerfully, and walk on faster, with a happier countenance. What can it be? A *good thought* has come into his mind: "Suppose I were to begin a school on Sundays for these poor children." Yes, he will do it. And he did it. The very next Sunday it began. The teachers were four poor women, the scholars were wild and ragged; but this good gentleman was there, and they soon learned to love him and to attend to what was taught. This, my dear children, was *the first Sunday school.*

Do you not know the gentleman's name? It was ROBERT RAIKES. Remember it as long as you live. For has not the good thought grown up wonderfully? It dropped into his mind quietly like the little mustard seed; but God set it there, and now see what he has made to come of it. Sunday schools all over the world, with thousands and thousands of happy children who love the light of the Lord's day morning because it calls them to their classes and their beloved teachers! But never forget that the beginning of all this good was in that *thought* which God gave to Robert Raikes in Gloucester, that winter Sunday morning seventy years ago. It was then that the little seed was cast into the ground, which now grows up like some beautiful tree of life, with thousands of children like little birds nestling in its branches, and singing sweet, never-ending praises to their Father who is in heaven.

*The Second Thought.*

And now I must ask you to go with me to a quiet country village. Its name is Moulton, in Northamptonshire. The people who live there have, I dare say, many of them, never heard of the city of Gloucester in their lives. The houses are mostly cottages, straggling about every way. In the middle of them stands a little chapel, where many of the people go, in their smock-frocks and red cloaks, every Sunday. But let us walk up the village street. Can you read the sign-board over that shop window? The letters and are strange crooked, but I think we can make it out.

OLD BOOTS
AND SHOES BOUGHT.

Then it is a shoemaker's house. Let us go in. There sits a young man busily at work. But he has a book before him too. Yes, and I think he likes the book better than the leather. Do you know, a gentleman who knew him once told me that he was not a good shoemaker at all. He was very diligent, but he was not clever at it. He could hardly ever make a pair of boots or shoes, both of the same size. If your right foot was fitted, your left foot would be pinched. This you know would never do. But God had some better work for him than shoemaking. He was a good young man; he used to preach at the little chapel I told you of; and while we see him there, busy with his awl and hammer, a *good thought* has dropped into his mind. It is this: What a happy thing it would be if the Gospel could be sent to the heathen! Every day he prays that God would show some way of doing this; it is in his mind for months and years, and at last a way was found; he puts by his shoemaker's tools, and with a few companions sails over the deep to preach to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The name of that young shoemaker was WILLIAM CAREY. He became so learned afterwards in the languages that the heathen speak, that they called him Doctor Carey. I dare say many of you have heard of what he did. But what I want you to remember now is that he *made a beginning.* Nobody, or scarcely anybody, was thinking about converting the heathen till that time. But when he began, Christians everywhere soon set to work. His good thought put it into their minds too. The grain of mustard seed, sown at Moulton, has now grown into the great missionary tree. And what a beautiful tree it is! All who know the Saviour love it, and pray that it may become fairer and more fruitful yet. Little children delight to tend it. You, my dear young hearers, are helping it to grow by your willing gifts, and, I hope, by your earnest prayers. Its boughs reach over every land, and thousands of poor heathen eat of its precious fruits. Think of the millions of Bibles that have been sent, of the children that have been taught, of the idolators that have been turned to love and serve God, and of the numbers who, from heathen lands, have gone to heaven, and I am sure you will be ready to thank God that he ever gave so good a thought to William Carey.

*The Third Thought.*

One other story, and I have done. You have seen Robert Raikes in the city of Gloucester, and William Carey in the village of Moulton; and now you must please to fancy yourselves, not quite fifty years back, among the mountains of Wales. The place is called Bala. All around the hill-tops are covered with snow, for the winter has just set in; bleak winds have been blowing, and the snow, and hail, and sleet have kept nearly everybody indoors. But to-day it is rather brighter. The sun is shining, though the weather still is cold, and the people are not afraid to open their doors and go out again. There you see a little Welsh girl running merrily along; and who is that grave gentleman coming down the street? I think I can tell you: it is Mr. Charles, the minister. Everybody loves him, he is such a good man. The children love him most of all, for he never lets them go by without a smile or kind word. See! that little girl dropped him a curtsey; he has put his hand upon her head; how lovingly she looks up into his face! Should you like to hear what he says to her?

"Well, my little maid, what was my text last Sunday?"

Poor child! she hangs down her head and bursts into tears.

"Please, sir, I haven't been able to go and learn it, the weather has been so bad."

"Not go and learn it, my dear! what do you mean?"

And then the dear child told Mr. Charles that there was no Bible at home for her to read, and no Bible in any of the neighbours' houses; so that when they wanted to read God's book they had to go over the hills a long way off to the house of a person who was so rich as to have the Holy Scriptures! When the weather was bad they could not go, you know; and Bibles were too scarce and cost too much money, for these poor people to buy one for themselves. The little girl's tale made the good minister very sad. He went away, and by day and night asked himself if something could not be done. At last a *good thought* came into his mind; and as soon as the spring was come he made haste to London to tell it. In London he found many good men sitting together (the Committee of the Religious Tract Society), making plans to send the good news of salvation to the poor. Now was the time to speak his *thought*. So he told the story of the little Welsh girl; and asked if there could not be a Society to print Welsh Bibles, and sell them cheap to the poor people in Bala and the rest of Wales. You may be sure they were quite willing; but while he was speaking another *thought* came into the mind of a minister there, whose name was Joseph Hughes. And directly Mr. Charles had done, Mr. Hughes got up and said, "Let us have a Society not only for Wales but for *the world*." Everybody there seemed to feel that this thought had come from God. So, as soon as they could, they formed a Society. Do you know its name? Open your Bibles. Look at the bottom of the first page of all. In almost every one, there it is—

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Oh, what a thought it was, my children! "Bibles for the world." And the British and Foreign Bible Society is sending Bibles to nearly all the world. To the Welsh—and you may be sure the dear child of Bala got a copy of the Scriptures for herself—to the French and Italians, the Russians and Indians, the Egyptians and Chinese! In Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in America! One hundred and forty-four languages in which men can read the wonderful works of God! This is what the Bible Society has done. This is the tree that has arisen from the mustard seed which, through that little Welsh maiden, God put into Mr. Charles's mind.

The precious, precious Bible,
God's holy book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

I think now, my dear children, you will understand my text. I have told you of three "good thoughts." Perhaps I might have counted up three hundred, if I had tried. For it is always so. When there is great good to be done, it begins in a small way. The little seed of truth or goodness drops into the ground gently, quietly—nobody notices it. But God's eye is upon it: and by-and-by it has arisen to a noble tree that makes the whole world glad with its beauty and its fruit.

# Our Societies.

## THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Those of our readers who were present at the last Annual Members' Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society doubtless retain a vivid recollection of a very animated debate on the subject of certain proposed changes in the constitution of the Society. At the meeting, two years ago, a committee was appointed to consider and report on the propriety of amending the constitution. Last April the committee presented its report, and Dr. Underhill gave notice that he should move its adoption at the next annual meeting. The Rev. C. Stovel also announced his intention of submitting to the members of the Society several resolutions on the same subject. Under these circumstances, we offer no apology for presenting to our readers the alterations proposed, in the hope that they will receive careful consideration before the Annual Meetings.

The following is Dr. Underhill's proposal, made with the sanction of the Committee:—

"In accordance with the instructions given to the Committee at the last general meeting of the subscribers and members of the Baptist Missionary Society, your Committee have given to the subject their very serious and deliberate consideration.

"In order to meet the question submitted to them, your Committee beg to recommend the following changes in, and additions to, the plan and regulations of the Society:—

"1. Instead of the present rule under the head of 'Committee,' they recommend that the following shall be substituted:—

"'EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

"'The affairs of the Society shall be conducted by an Executive Committee of forty members; thirty-six of whom shall be chosen by the general meeting of members, and four by the Executive Committee so chosen; the Executive Committee to meet monthly or oftener, in London, on a fixed day, for the despatch of business; five members to be deemed a quorum; the Executive Committee to be deemed empowered to fill up vacancies.'

"2. Your Committee further propose that the following rule shall follow on the above, and be inserted before the rule on 'Public Meetings':—

"'GENERAL COMMITTEE.

"'A General Committee of not less than one hundred members shall be appointed, for the purpose of circulating missionary intelligence, and promoting the interests of the Society, to whom an abstract of all business transacted by the Executive Committee shall be sent.

"'Every auxiliary contributing fifty pounds per annum, or upwards, to the funds of the Society, shall have power to elect one member of the General Committee, the election to take place prior to the 31st of March in each year; and should the number elected fall short of one hundred, the remainder of the hundred shall be elected by the Executive Committee. All members of the General Committee shall be entitled to attend and vote at the meetings of the Executive Committee.'

"3. As the above changes in the plan and regulations will verbally affect other rules, your Committee propose to insert the following words in the rules named, to bring them into conformity thereto, viz.:—

"In the rule on the 'General Meeting of Members,' before the word 'Committee,' which occurs three times, the word 'Executive' shall be inserted.

"In the rule on 'Public Meetings,' the word 'Public' shall be omitted, and after the words 'empowered to' and before the word 'summon,' the following words be inserted, 'to convene the General Committee and to.'

"In the same rule, before the word 'Committee' in the second line, shall be inserted the words 'Executive and General'; and before the word 'Committee' in the third line, insert the word 'Executive.'

"In the rules on 'Honorary Members,' and 'Members entitled to vote at Committee Meetings,' before the word 'Committee,' which occurs four times, the word 'Executive' shall be inserted.

"4. In order to facilitate, in the election of members of the Committee, the distribution of members of Committee throughout the country, the Committee have this year prepared the list of nominations under the counties to which the nominated persons respectively belong.

"5. Your Committee having also had their attention called to the question of making some change in the terms of the rule on 'Members,' they beg to recommend the substitution of the following for the rule now in force, viz.:—

"'MEMBERS.

"'The following persons shall be considered members of the Society, viz., pastors of churches making an annual contribution; ministers who collect annually; and all persons concurring in the religious principles and objects of the Society, who are donors of ten pounds or upwards, or subscribers of ten shillings and sixpence annually to its funds.'"

The following is the proposition of the Rev. Charles Stovel:—

"That all the words which now stand under the heading 'Members,' and before the words 'In choosing the Committee,' &c., be expunged, and that the following be inserted in their place to form a part of the plan and regulations of this Society.

"'MEMBERS.

"'Each person subscribing ten shillings and upwards, directly, or through an auxiliary; each donor of ten pounds or upwards; one executor to any will under which fifty pounds and upwards have been bequeathed and paid by him, being each and severally in communion with some recognised Baptist church; with the minister of any church making an annual contribution to its funds, is, and shall be a member of this Society, having power to attend, deliberate, and vote in its general meetings.'

"'GENERAL MEETINGS.

"'Their Constitution.—Every general meeting shall consist of members duly qualified; and delegates who have been chosen, accredited, and sent to attend, deliberate, and vote therein.

"'The Delegates.—Each church making an annual contribution to the Society, any number

of such churches associating for this purpose, or a public meeting of church-members not otherwise represented, composed of not less than fifty persons, convened and holden with this design, shall have the right of sending one delegate to a general meeting.

"'Order.—One general meeting shall be holden yearly, to which the report and accounts of the past year shall be presented, and by which the Committee, officers, and auditors shall be appointed; but a special general meeting shall be convened by advertisement and official notice, whenever two-thirds of the standing Committee shall deem such a meeting desirable.

"'Power.—Every general meeting, when duly constituted, shall be competent to consider and decide any business relating to the Society and its objects.'"

---

Respecting the above proposals, *The Freeman* makes the following remarks:

"Dr. Underhill and Mr. Stovel alike propose to alter the terms of membership. Some dissatisfaction had been, and perhaps is still, felt respecting the rule which gives to every subscriber of ten shillings and sixpence annually, a voice and vote at the meetings of members. Dr. Underhill, on the part of the Committee, meets the objection by qualifying the term of membership with the words, 'concurring in the religious principles and objects of the Society.' Mr. Stovel would go further, and limit the right to attend at and take part in Members' Meetings to such half-guinea subscribers as are in 'communion with some recognized Baptist church.' We cannot defend the existing rule. As a question of principle, we must object to a mere money qualification of membership. It excludes some who ought to have a voice and vote in the management of the Society, while it opens the door to others who should not be allowed to take part in the conduct of mission business. The 'poor wise man,' of whom an old Book tells us, would not be rich enough to be admitted to the councils of our Society. And though all Baptists would agree with the royal preacher, 'Wisdom is better than strength' or wealth, they expose themselves to the biting comment, 'Nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.' Simon Magus, on the other hand, were he to appear again, would have no difficulty in subscribing ten shillings and sixpence yearly to the Society, and might therefore enjoy the privileges of membership. Theoretically, the present test is indefensible. As a matter of fact, it has not been productive of evil. We have never heard of ungodly men subscribing half-a-guinea annually for the purpose of confounding the managers of the Society, nor is there the least evidence that any but truly Christian men, honestly intent on serving Christ, have ever taken part in Members' Meetings. Seeing, however, that the constitution of the Society must be reconsidered, and, if possible, amended, at the next Annual Meeting, we should be glad to see the rule brought into harmony with the principles of the denomination. The Society is Christian, and ought therefore to be managed by Christian men. It is a Society composed of those who unite in sending the Gospel message to the heathen, and should, we submit, be governed by all who subscribe to its funds, whether the subscription be large or small. Dr. Underhill and Mr. Stovel retain the half-guinea qualification, and so far, while professing to Christianize the Society, they place money above piety. The report alluded to above, and which Dr. Underhill will propose for adoption, recommends that only such subscribers as 'concur in the religious principles and objects of the Society,' be considered members. Such an alteration will be no amendment of the constitution. The subscription is the best possible, if not the only practicable, test of such concurrence; and, were any other adopted, the meeting in April would have to decide on 'the religious principles' of Particular Baptists, and our Society, instead of doing mission work, would speedily be resolved into a Moorgate Street Assembly of Divines for the purpose of determining the creed of the denomination. Dr. Underhill's proposal goes too far or not far enough. If it be intended to exact agreement in every case with 'the religious principles of the Society,' the very existence of the Society will be jeopardized; and if it be not intended to do so, the rule is left as it was, no change being effected in it. Mr. Stovel's resolution about membership is not liable to the same objections. It is definite and unmistakable. But we respectfully submit to that gentleman whether it is wise or right to exclude Christians who are not Baptists from membership. We do not for one moment suppose that the majority of the constituency of the Society will, under any rule, be other than Baptists. Should a few earnest-minded men, interested, for example, in our Indian or African Missions, and regarding them as having special claims upon their generosity, subscribe to them, could we, with justice or propriety, refuse them voice and vote in the meetings of the Society? If not, the qualification for membership should be so framed as to meet such cases. Were Mr. Stovel to substitute 'some Christian church' for 'some recognized Baptist church' in his resolution, we believe he would meet the wishes and secure the support of a large number of the members of the Society; and, thus amended, especially if the words 'ten shillings and upwards' were omitted, his proposal would remove all objections to the present rule and provide for the due government of the Society.

"We heartily indorse Mr. Stovel's resolutions respecting 'General Meetings.' They provide for the representation of Churches and Auxiliaries. Hitherto, our churches have taken no part in the meetings of the Missionary Society. This is an anomaly, which we shall be glad to see disappear. On the churches of Christ, as such, rests the obligation to do the Master's will, and to extend his kingdom. The Society really depends upon the churches for the larger part of its contributions. It is universally allowed that, were the churches to take a deeper interest in the work of evangelizing the world, not only would the funds of the Society be augmented, but more earnest and

frequent prayers would be offered up, and greater progress would be made in bringing mankind into subjection to the Saviour-King. Mr. Stovel's proposal would secure this result. Let a delegate be sent from every contributing church to the Annual or any other Members' Meeting, and that meeting would assume an unwonted importance. It would become a representative assembly. Those who attended it would no longer speak and vote as individuals, but would be entitled to the consideration due to delegates; and, on their return to the churches, it would be their duty to give a report of the meetings in which they took part. We hope that the whole of Mr. Stovel's resolutions about 'General Meetings' will be adopted, and we ask for them the consideration, not only of our readers, but also of all the churches of the denomination.

"It will be seen, on reference to the report whose adoption will be moved by Dr. Underhill, that other changes are proposed which affect the constitution of Committee. At present, forty-eight persons, one-half of whom must not be residents within twelve miles of St. Paul's, chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting of the Members, are the Executive of the Society. It is proposed that for the future there shall be an *Executive Committee*, to consist of forty members, thirty-six to be chosen by the members at their Annual Meeting, and four by the elected thirty-six, and a *General Committee*, to consist of not less than one hundred persons, each auxiliary contributing fifty pounds to have the power to elect one member of this Committee—an abstract of the business transacted by the Executive to be sent to the One Hundred, who shall also have the right to take part in the meetings of the Executive. We have attempted to ascertain wherein these alterations would be amendments of the regulations now in force. At first sight there is an apparent addition to the Committee. But on examination it is found that no one will have the right of attending a meeting of the Executive who does not already possess it. According to the present rule, every minister making an annual collection for the Society, all Treasurers and Secretaries of Missionary Auxiliaries, with the Honorary Members, are 'entitled to attend and vote at the meetings of the Committee.' Is it probable that any gentleman, not included in the above enumeration, will be elected as a member of the Hundred (which reminds us of 'The Legal Hundred' of our Wesleyan brethren)? And if the Hundred, and more than the Hundred, can, according to the existing 'Plan and Regulations of the Society,' take part in all Committee meetings, what change will be effected by the alteration? We believe that hitherto only the elected members of Committee have received an abstract of the business done at Committee meetings. But the Committee do not require a change in the constitution of the Society to enable them to send to 'Corresponding Members of Committee,' that is, to 'all Treasurers and Secretaries of Missionary Auxiliaries,' whatever communications may be necessary to enable such members efficiently to serve the Society. After repeated efforts, we have failed to comprehend the value of the distinction between an Executive Committee and the General Committee. This proposed Executive would do the work of the present Committee. We presume that the words in the present rule, 'one half of whom shall not be residents within twelve miles of St. Paul's,' are purposely left out of the rule as proposed by the Committee. The wisdom of the omission is questionable. An Annual Meeting will ever and necessarily be composed mainly of ministers and London subscribers to the Society. The present rule secures a tolerably fair representation of the country on the Executive; and we should be sorry to see any alteration made that would render the Committee less representative than it is. That part of the scheme before us is not likely to win general support, and will not, we hope, pass into law. In brief, though anxious to discover some portions of the Report, which Dr. Underhill will submit for adoption to the next Annual Meeting, to which no objection could be raised, we have failed in the search. Change without amendment is pernicious. And it is our conviction that the proposed alterations are more verbal than real, and wherein real obtainable without any alteration in the constitution, which compels us reluctantly to counsel their rejection.

"We have written plainly and straightforwardly, because we are anxious to elicit a free expression of the opinions of our readers on the issues raised by Dr. Underhill and Mr. Stovel. After-wisdom is little worth. Forethought is always valuable. Let all who intend to be present at the Members' Meeting in April carefully consider the questions which will be then decided; and the result will be the silencing of objectors and the satisfaction of friends. Constitutional regulations having been finally made, we must all resolve to support with renewed zeal and increased liberality the Baptist Missionary Society."

---

The following account of a "First Year's Labour in China" is from the Rev. R. F. Laughton:—

"The first year of a missionary's life does not abound much in incident for communication in a report. The time is necessarily taken up with quiet and continued endeavours to acquire such a knowledge of the language of the people amongst whom he dwells as shall enable him to preach the Gospel to them. With the most perfect educational appliances at command, the acquirement of the power to speak with accuracy, elegance, and ease in a foreign language is not a trifling task. When the language is so totally different from the learner's native tongue, as the Chinese is from the English, and the learner has no help save a Chinaman who knows not a word of any language but his own, the task is hard indeed. Dictionaries have been made by

foreigners, but I have not been able to get one, as they have long been out of print. Notwithstanding, I trust that I have made some progress in the language. I began publicly to speak in November last, and have preached as often as I have had opportunity since that time. I have had the pleasure, too, of knowing that I am understood.

"I now preach regularly every evening in the chapel, and continue to study Chinese with my teacher during the day. My evening congregations are generally good; the little chapel is often crammed. The attention of the people is always respectful, and sometimes there is an appearance of earnestness which might raise the hopes of one who was ignorant of Chinese character. Sometimes at the close of the discourse a hearer will rise from his seat, and, placing himself in an oratorical attitude, will pass a truly Oriental panegyric upon the doctrine he has just heard, and denounce all the gods of the Chinese pantheon as stupid, senseless lumps of clay, and their worshippers as yet more stupid. Still, the attitude of the speaker, his eloquence, and his apparent earnestness, might lead a missionary to think that he had received an important testimony from an educated Chinese respecting the stupidity of their own forms and objects of worship, and an equally important testimony to the excellency of the Christian religion. The grandiloquence of our Chinese friend was only a matter of amusement and etiquette. When he left the chapel he probably went straight to the nearest temple, and burnt incense to the very gods which half an hour before he had consigned to everlasting infamy and disgrace.

"Nevertheless, *we do have some who come time after time to hear the Gospel, and are evidently impressed with its truths.* Several cases of this kind have come under my own observation; unfortunately, the persons resided at a distance, and were obliged to return to their homes much sooner than I could have wished; still, they were evidently impressed with the great truths they had learned from us, and as they took a copy of the New Testament with them, I trust that, by the guidance of God's Spirit, some of them, at least, may find the truth themselves, and spread its savour around them. May the unfoldings of the great day show that my hopes are not vain! I find great delight in preaching the Gospel to these poor, dark idolators; and this delight increases with my command of the language."

---

## THE GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following letter, from the Rev. W. Bailey, gives an interesting account of the Missionary Conference which has been recently held in connexion with the Orissa Mission:—

"I have been requested by my brethren to furnish you with a brief account of the proceedings of the Orissa Mission Conference, held in Cuttack in the month of November last. Cuttack is the capital of the province, and as there is a large Christian community in the town, and as several of our out-stations are only a few miles distant, the attendance at our Conferences here is much greater than could be secured in any other part of the province.

"In this land of exile and darkness missionaries have but little time or opportunity for relaxation, and while the cause of Christ derives much advantage every way from these annual convocations, there can be no question that they have a beneficial influence upon the missionaries themselves; our spirits are revived, our energy and strength renewed; and as we return to our respective spheres we feel better prepared to toil on in the work of the Lord.

"The first sermon, in Oriya, was preached by Jugoo Roul, from '*O* Lord, revive thy work,' and was in every way worthy of the times and the preacher. When Jugoo Roul's father became a Christian, several years ago, his wife refused to accompany him, and in consequence he was compelled to appeal to the law. When the case came on for trial, Jugoo Roul, instructed by his then heathen mother and her relatives, denied his father's identity, and declared in open court that he knew nothing whatever of the man who had come there to claim him as his son. Jugoo Roul is not only an efficient preacher, but renders important help in the Mission College and also in the revision of the Scriptures.

"In the afternoon, the second Oriyan sermon was preached by the Rev. J. O. Goadby, and in the evening the English sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Hill, to a very large congregation, from Deuteronomy vii. 22, —the gradual, yet certain, progress of the kingdom of Christ in heathen lands. The preacher referred to the very "little things" or apparently very trivial means by which God accomplishes his purposes in the world, and gave as an illustration a very interesting anecdote of Talab-ood-Deen, a converted Mussulman in her Majesty's 11th M. N. I., at Berhampore Ganjam. Talab-ood-Deen was baptized by Dr. Kincaid, in Burmah. When the 11th M. N. I. was sent to Thy et Moo, Talab-ood-Deen was compelled to leave his youthful wife in India. On his return to India, after an absence of three or four years, he was most anxious to obtain his wife, but she sent him word that unless he would for ever give up Christianity, and openly avow his faith in Mohammedanism, she would never consent to live with him. After some months he obtained leave from the commanding officer, and commenced his journey to Ellore, where his wife was staying with her parents. The father, who is a man of wealth and influence, would not allow his son-in-law to approach the house, and affirmed that he would make any sacrifice rather than relinquish his daughter. An appeal was made to the law, first to the lower and then to the higher courts, and every assistance that could be obtained was secured. Money was freely spent, and the missionaries at Musulapatam spared no pains in connexion with the case;

but all efforts failed, and the judge in open court advised Talab-ood-Deen to give up his wife and return to his regiment. The poor man was greatly depressed, and knew not what to do. It was felt that he could not give up his wife and his child, and yet he could see no human means by which they could be secured. While in this anxious state of mind, contrary to all expectation, the father sent a messenger to state that if Talab-ood-Deen would come to his house at a certain hour on the following day, he would give him his wife and child, and all that she possessed. Delighted as he was to secure those most dear to him on earth, he said to his wife, 'Unless you willingly accompany me, I will not take you away.' When they had left the father's home, he was most anxious to learn from his wife the reason for the unexpected change that had taken place, and she said, 'One day your little daughter, after hearing her playfellows speak of their fathers, came to me and said, Mother, have not I a father? if I have, could not I see him like other children?' and she said this inquiry of the little child so touched her heart, that she was most anxious from that moment to accompany her husband. Thus, by the simple question of this little child, more was accomplished than could have been by the help of missionaries and solicitors, or magistrates and judges.

"On the following Sabbath, the public services were continued, and in the afternoon at the Lord's table there was a large gathering, and perhaps as great a variety of race as could be seen on such an occasion in any other part of the world. It was, indeed, a cheering sight to see so many castes and races now composing one family and drinking the same cup. From such a scene we realized more than we can elsewhere, the unity of the church of Christ.

"During the Conference week, a missionary meeting was held. The chairman was Baboo Sadamenlla, the senior native deacon of the church. The speakers were all natives, and the arrangements for the meeting were made by themselves. We were glad to see the lay element brought forward. One of the lay brethren, Baboo Das Rout, the teacher of the English school, acquitted himself remarkably well. One of the speakers was from the American mission at Balasore; he is a native of this neighbourhood, but he had not seen Cuttack for several years; and as he expatiated on the altered circumstances of the Christian community in Cuttack, he became so excited, and seemed to have so much to say, that he would, if he had not been checked by the chairman, have continued his speech till midnight. No collection was made, but we hope this important item will not be forgotten next year.

"The Conference commenced on Monday, the 14th of November, and was continued during the whole of the week. Very interesting communications were read by the secretary from the secretaries of the Religious Tract Society, the Vernacular Education Society, the Translation Society, and the American Tract Society. The mission in Orissa is much indebted to the Bible and Tract Societies, both in England and America.

"A manuscript copy of a new hymn-book, in Oriya, was presented to the Conference by Ghonno Shyam, and it is an interesting fact that by far the greater part of these hymns are the productions of Oriya Christian poets. The Rev. J. Buckley reported the progress he had made in the revision of the Old Testament, and the Rev. J. Stubbins reported that he hoped soon to complete the new edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Owing to the lack of funds, the Conference, we deeply regret to say, was unable to order the printing of any more tracts for the present.

"The Rev. J. Stubbins, however, was requested to prepare a tract on the worship of God, which will contain prayers suitable for different occasions. Heathen worship consists of vain and endless repetitions, and many persons who are inquiring after the truth are not unfrequently most anxious to be taught how to pray. Not a few instances have come under our own notice. Amongst such persons a tract of this kind will be eagerly received, and will, we are sure, be productive of incalculable good.

"There was an unusually large gathering of native preachers, assistant preachers, and colporteurs, on the day their appointments were made. When Gunga Dhor, whose eye is now dim with years, was asked the question, 'Where would he like to be stationed for the year?' he quaintly replied, 'My mind says, Go here and go there; but my body says, Rest on your bed and sleep.'

"At the close of this interesting service, Thomas Barrick read a most elaborate paper on the duty of Christians to contribute to the cause of Christ. He received, as he richly deserved, the warmest thanks of the Conference. The paper, in a condensed form, will be printed for circulation amongst the native Christians. After the thanks of the Conference had been given to Thomas, Gunga Dhor took off his woollen jacket—a garment which he much needed at this season of the year—and laid it on the table before the chairman, saying, 'Money I have none, but this I give as a contribution to the cause of Christ; let it be sold and its value given to the poor.' The chairman, much affected with the disinterestedness of the poor old man, begged him to take back the gift, as he knew he could not, without serious inconvenience, dispense with it. When the meeting broke up, we reminded Gunga of the time when he was the only native Christian in Cuttack, and the dear old man became so excited, as he spoke of the wondrous things God had wrought, that we could scarcely restrain him.

"One very valued native brother has been called away during the year. He died at Berhampore. He was an excellent preacher, and his life was a living exemplification of the doctrines he taught.

"A favourable report was given by the examiners and tutors of the students in the Mission College.

"The reports from some of the stations were of a pleasing character. At Ripleo